No. 340 (New Series), Vol. 7. September 24, 1938

The PASSING SHOW

2D.

ROMANCE OF RED-HAIRED WOMEN

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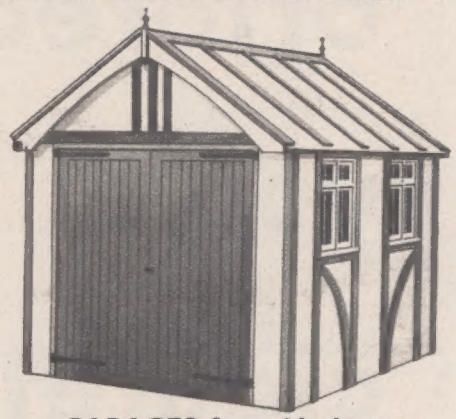

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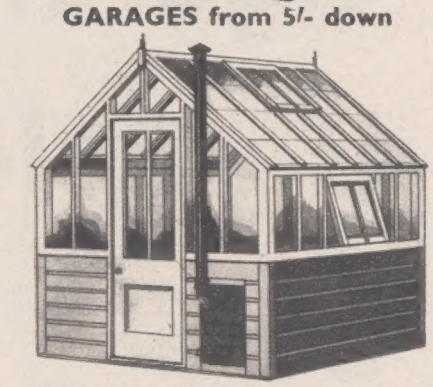

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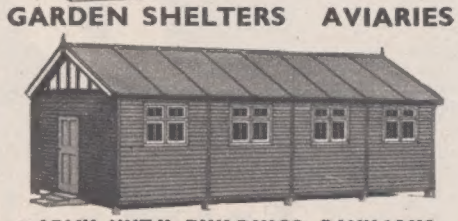

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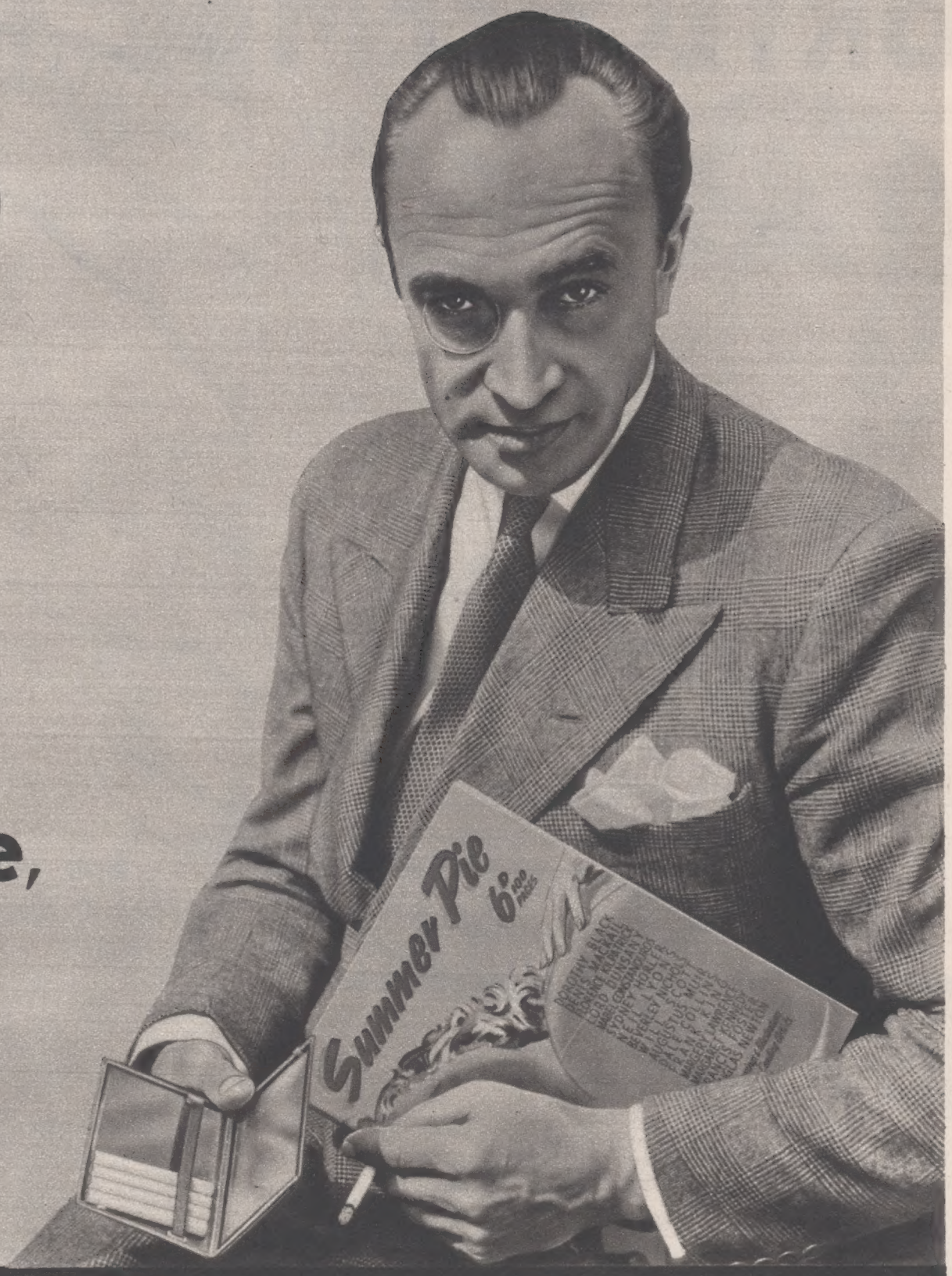

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The PASSING SHOW
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KNOCK-OUT AT MIDNIGHT

Knight-errantry can sometimes prove to be a dangerous pursuit. But even in these prosaic days virtue may finally triumph over vice

BY FRANK KING

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK GREENUP, R. I.

His arms tightened round her. She felt his breath on her cheek

THERE was revelry in the Louis Quinze room at the Colossal Hotel. The occasion was a supper, cabaret and dance, in aid of theatrical charities. The inlay, lacquer, gilt and tapestry were, perhaps, hardly the best setting for the gay and informal company assembled. But theatrical folk work late; and the large restaurant of the Colossal closes at midnight.

The cabaret, naturally, had been a volunteer show. The spotlights just now were picking out the twinkling feet of Miss Frances Leyburn, popular dance hostess of the hotel. Frankie, as almost everyone called her, had a flair for tap-dancing, and the rhythmic intricacies performed by those silver-shod feet provoked round after round of applause. Faster and faster they flew, a roll on the side-drums the only accompaniment, until, with a crash of cymbals, they came to an abrupt, perfectly timed stop. The lights went up, and saxophones wailed out the opening sequence of a foxtrot.

Frankie, flushed and a little breathless, walked over to the table at which Philip Trent was sitting.

"Well?" she asked.

He smiled at the attractive face, to which the square-cut dark fringe and the slightly oblique eyes gave a hint of oriental mystery.

"Yes," he replied. "Well."

She dropped into a seat beside him. "Enjoying it?"

"I enjoy anything when I'm with you."

Her colour deepened a little. "Perhaps that's why you were invited."

"If I hadn't been, I should have gate-crashed."

Philip Trent spent most of his evenings at the Colossal nowadays, and everyone knew the reason. Frankie knew it. Those dark mysterious eyes of hers were soft and glowing as she watched him.

"I think this is an occasion," she said, "on which I might break my rule and have a drink."

"Fine!" He beckoned a waiter. "And when you've had a rest, we'll dance, eh?"

He was very careful not to make love to her. The time for this had not yet arrived. He knew how hard she had worked to attain her present position. He knew, too, that she loved her job. A worker himself, he could sympathise with this. He was content to wait; though at times his patience grew a little frayed.

"I don't see anything of your American friends," he said, surveying the crowded room.

Frankie sipped her champagne and shrugged.

"They'll be turning up. They told me so."

"Damned cheek! They've been making a dead set at you ever since they arrived at the hotel."

"Don't worry, Pip. I can look after myself."

"I don't like the thought of you having to dance with——."

"Please!" Her voice was very soft. "It's part of my job. Come on! Let's have this waltz while we've the chance."

"Sure you're not too tired?"

"Quite!"

Philip was a good dancer and Frankie loved partnering him, especially in a waltz. For a while she forgot everything else. Then, from a corner of her eye, she caught sight of two young men entering the room.

Bert Fischer and Daniel Wise had arrived together at the Colossal Hotel about a week ago, coming from America. Just who or what they were no one seemed to know, though they occupied an expensive suite in the hotel and were certainly not without money.

A curiously assorted pair. Mr. Fischer was short and chubby. He had a cheerful, impudent grin and his conversation consisted chiefly of wise-cracks. Mr. Wise was long and rather gloomy, and had not much to say for himself. He was forever eating pea-nuts, leaving a trail of husks around when he forgot himself, pushing them into a pocket when he remembered. They both talked as though they were successful business men, but Frankie had her doubts. Indeed, from something Bert Fischer had let slip one night, she had reason to believe that until recently they had been earning a rather precarious living on the halls with some kind of athletic act.

As Philip had noticed, they had made a dead set at her ever since they arrived. Each night they had been in the restaurant, insisting on dancing with her. There was nothing wrong in this, of course. They'd behaved quite well, according to their own lights. But they certainly were a bit of a nuisance, and she knew Philip was rather worried about them.

"Here they are," she whispered in his ear.

"Don't have anything to do with them. You're not on duty to-night."

"I mustn't offend clients of the hotel, Pip."

The waltz ended and they returned to their table. The two Americans had taken possession of another on the opposite side of the room. But Frankie had hardly lit her cigarette before Bert Fischer was at her side, making an exaggerated bow.

"The next is mine, baby," he said, cheerfully.

He had been drinking. He was just a trifle unsteady on his feet. Frankie's eyebrows contracted.

"I'm rather tired to-night, Mr. Fischer."

"Aw, come on! You were doin' fine just now. One more won't hurt you."

His voice was louder than usual. Frankie felt that if she refused there was quite a possibility of a scene. With a shrug of white shoulders she rose to her feet.

"Will you excuse me, Pip?"

"All right. I'll finish my cigarette in the lounge."

Philip strolled out of the room as she glided into a foxtrot with her partner. Bert Fischer was a good dancer, and she had no need to pay any attention to their steps. As he talked away in his rather amusing fashion, she found herself wondering again just what he and his companion might be.

Over his shoulder she caught sight of Daniel Wise sitting alone at his table. He looked morose and preoccupied. A bottle of whisky stood untouched before him, and he was chewing the inevitable pea-nuts. His gloomy gaze followed her round the room. She knew that as soon as this dance was over, he would ask for the next.

The band stopped, but started again immediately. Bert Fischer kept tight hold of his partner, giving her no chance to escape. Suddenly she became aware that he was staring at her fixedly, his cheeks flushed, his eyes glittering.

"Gee!" he muttered, hoarsely. "You're wonderful!"

Frankie had dealt with situations like this before. Her arm dropped from his shoulder and her slim body grew rigid.

(*please turn over*)

"Please, Mr. Fischer," she said, coldly.

"Okay. I'm sorry." He was sober enough to know that he had overstepped the mark. "Be a sport and forget it."

She forgot it, apparently, and continued the dance. But the trace of a frown puckered her white brow. This was the kind of thing Pip didn't like. She didn't like it herself, for that matter. She closed her eyes and tried to forget with whom she was dancing.

The music died away and the couples began to disperse from the floor. Bert Fischer caught Frankie's arm under his.

"I want to tell you something," he said.

"Another time, perhaps," she countered, lightly.

"No, now. It's important. I've gotta tell you to-night. Let's get out somewhere where we can talk."

"Really, Mr. Fischer, I don't think——."

"I'm leavin' to-morrow. And I tell you it's important."

His voice was harsh and urgent. Frankie hesitated, noticing that one or two people around were watching them curiously. She glanced across to her own table. Pip had not come back yet.

"All right," she decided. "We'll go out on to the balcony."

Glass doors, shaded by discreet blinds, led out to a small balcony overlooking the Thames. At one end of this stood a couple of wicker chairs half-hidden by palms. But the night was cold, and the chairs were unoccupied. Frankie shivered, as the wind, bringing a few drops of rain with it, struck her thin clothing.

"Well, what do you want to tell me?" she asked abruptly.

In the half-light she could see that the confident grin was back on Fischer's face again.

"Listen, baby," he said, tapping his waistcoat pocket. "I've somethin' here that's worth a pile of dough. You and I could have a swell time together—goin' places an' seein' things. I've gotta leave to-morrow. Bright an' early. I'll feel lonesome on my own. What about comin' with me?"

She laughed. "Isn't Mr. Wise's company sufficient for you?"

"Daniel isn't comin' along this time." There was a curious note in his voice. "I'm goin' alone—with you, if you'll come. What about it?"

"Is this a proposal of marriage, Mr. Fischer?"

"I wish it was, kid. But I've gotta wife way back in New York, an' divorce ain't too easy over here, I'm told. But does that matter? You and me could— Hey! Where're you goin'?"

Frankie had turned away and was making for the doors. With a muttered oath he sprang after her, catching her in his arms.

"You can't turn me down flat, like that, you little bitch!" he whispered, fiercely. "By God! I'll show you a thing or two before I'm through with you."

His arms tightened round her. She felt his hot breath on her cheek. She tried to push his face, from which the grin had disappeared, away.

The muscles on which his life had once depended were too much for her. She was helpless as a child. His lips, snarling back over strong white teeth, drew near to hers. She was on the point of calling for help when the doors behind her opened, and Philip Trent appeared.

He acted without the slightest hesitation. One fist lashed out, cracking viciously against the jaw so close to her own. The grip of the arms around her slackened. Bert Fischer sprawled headlong and lay still.

"Just in time, evidently," said Philip, taking her arm. "Come along."

She was trembling a little and he noticed it as he led her back into the hot crowded room.

"I couldn't see any sign of you," he went on easily, closing the glass doors behind them. "I thought I'd better take a scout round. Nasty sort of bloke that fellow seems to be."

"I—I'm all right, Pip."

"Sure! You'll feel better in a minute. Just take it easy."

The band was playing, dancers swirling round as though quite determined to make her dizzy. Already it seemed that the events on the balcony must have been a dream. Before long she recovered.

"I'm glad you—you came, Pip," she whispered. "We mustn't leave him out there, must we?"

"A little fresh air will cool him off."

"But if anyone finds him— The hotel doesn't like scandal."

"You're right, of course," agreed Philip. "I was—well, rather annoyed with him."

They passed out on to the balcony again, closing the doors behind them. Bert Fischer still lay where he had fallen. Philip stooped to examine him. In a moment he turned.

"Open one of those doors, Frankie," he said quietly.

She obeyed. The bar of light streaming from the Louis Quinze room fell on a grey face with closed eyes. It showed a thin red stream trickling from Fischer's right ear. Sudden alarm seized her.

"Pip! He isn't—dead?"

"I'm afraid so." Philip slowly straightened. "I'll get Doctor Fleming—and Grayson. You'd better stay here and keep anyone away."

He strode through into the room. Dazed by the unexpected tragedy, Frankie stood staring after him. The band was still playing, the dancers still swirling. At the far end of the room she could see Daniel Wise sitting alone at his table, still gloomy and preoccupied, still chewing pea-nuts. She dare not turn to look again at the sprawled figure lying so still and silent beside her.

It was not long before Philip returned, bringing with him Doctor Fleming and the hotel detective. He had evidently told them what had happened, for they asked no questions. In silence the doctor made a quick examination. When he spoke his voice was grave.

"Yes, he's dead," he said. "Fractured skull. Must have banged his head as he fell. This is rotten hard luck on you, Mr. Trent."

"I'll have to notify the police," added Grayson. "You won't go away, will you?"

"No," replied Philip, slowly. "We won't go away."

Frankie gripped his arm tightly.

"They—they can't do anything to you, can they?" she gasped. "You didn't mean to kill him."

He smiled at her. "Don't worry. Everything will be all right."

But everything was not all right. An hour later Frankie stood alone on the balcony, clutching the rail of the balustrade, staring out over the river with frightened eyes. Behind her the Louis Quinze room was silent and deserted. The police had come and gone. They had taken with them the body of Bert Fischer. And they had also taken Philip—to face a charge of manslaughter.

She had no idea what would happen to him. Everyone had seemed very sorry for him, but she knew that a charge of manslaughter must be a serious business. It was horrible to think that all this had come on him because of her.

Surely, there must be something she could do to help him? Huddled in the cloak someone had brought out to her, she paced about the balcony. Below her the Embankment, almost deserted at this hour, stretched lonely and desolate, wet pavements shining in the light of the street lamps.

As she neared the far end of the balcony, beyond the palms and wicker chairs, something attracted her attention. The slanting rain had penetrated beyond the glass canopy overhead, and had wet a few inches of the concrete floor. In this patch of moisture, a footprint was clearly visible.

Intent on her problem, Frankie did not at first realise the significance of this. Turning, she walked away. But in a moment she was back again.

She remembered that the rain had started just as she and Bert Fischer came out on to the balcony. That print had been made since then. Yet she was quite certain that neither police, doctor, nor anyone else, had passed beyond the wicker chairs. Why should they? They had been too occupied with the dead man—and Philip.

Another startling thought flashed across her mind. She had not been more than a yard away from those glass doors since the tragedy happened. No one could have left the balcony without her knowledge. And no one had left it—except Philip and herself, and those summoned to the scene.

Yet the footprint was there, plain and indisputable. As Frankie stared at it, a queer excitement rose up in her. Someone else, someone unknown and unsuspected, had been on this balcony since she and Bert Fischer came out.

Had the unknown been there all the time? He could have hidden behind the palms. But why should he do this? Why hadn't he come forward to add his testimony to that of Philip and herself?

And how, if he had not passed through the glass doors into the Louis Quinze room, had he left the balcony? Puzzled, Frankie looked round. She found

herself gazing fixedly at the next balcony, separated from the one on which she stood by a yawning gap.

It was impossible. No man in his senses would take such a risk. It was a big jump—with almost certain death if he missed it.

Still, the idea was in her mind now, and she knew she could not rest until she had made some effort to prove whether it had any foundation in fact. Hurrying through the Louis Quinze room, she turned into the corridor outside and stepped through the doors at the end of this.

Impossible or not, there were indications here that her idea might be right. On this balcony, too, were footprints, faint, damp imprints on the dry concrete. And a moment later she saw something else—a few husks of pea-nuts.

A little shiver ran through her as she stooped to pick these up. Anyone might have strolled out here and dropped them. Yet Frankie was convinced in her own mind that they had fallen from Daniel Wise's pocket as he stumbled on this balcony after jumping from the next.

Daniel Wise! She remembered seeing him at his table as Philip went to fetch Doctor Fleming. But if he'd made his daring jump immediately after Bert Fischer was knocked down, he'd have had time to regain his seat before she saw him.

If she was right, he must have strolled out on to the first balcony while she was dancing with Bert Fischer. He must have been behind the palms when they came out. He must have seen everything. And instead of disclosing his presence, he had made that desperate jump to avoid discovery.

Why should he act in this way? Frankie's excitement increased as she realised that there must be something wrong. He wouldn't take a risk of that sort unless he'd something to hide. Anyhow, he'd have to come out into the open. Another witness for Philip might make all the difference. She'd have a word with him right now.

Without hesitation, she sped along the silent deserted corridors to the suite which he had shared with his friend. Probably he wouldn't have gone to bed yet, she thought, as she knocked on the door. She was surprised when it was opened, after a momentary delay, by Grayson, the hotel detective.

"Hello, Miss Leyburn," he said. "Wanting me?"

"Is Mr. Wise here?" she gasped.

"Sure." Daniel Wise emerged from one of the doorways opening off the anteroom. "What is it?"

There was an unusual sharpness in his voice. As Frankie turned to face him, she saw that his eyes held a strange hard glitter. She suddenly realised not only that her suspicions were correct, but that she had done a very foolish thing in coming to see him. She mustn't let him know that she had guessed something of the truth.

"I was just—wondering, Mr. Wise," she faltered. "An idea occurred to me. Perhaps Mr. Fischer was ill. I mean, perhaps he'd something wrong with him, so that a blow, which wouldn't hurt an ordinary man, might kill him. I thought you might know. If so—well, I want to do all I can for Mr. Trent."

"That's natural enough. I'd like to help you if I could. But I can't. I didn't really know much about him. We just got acquainted on the boat coming over."

"Makes things darned difficult for us," grumbled Grayson. "I've been looking through his effects to see if I could find any note about relatives. We've got to do something with his clothes and things. But there's not a paper of any sort—except a letter from a diamond merchant in Amsterdam, making an appointment for next week. Apparently Fischer was going over to sell him something. Sure you don't know anything about that, Mr. Wise?"

"I didn't even know he was interested in diamonds," said Wise.

He was lying. Frankie saw the solution to the mystery now, saw why he had taken that terrible risk on the balcony. She remembered how Bert Fischer had tapped his waistcoat pocket, telling her that he'd something valuable there. Daniel Wise had known about it. He'd robbed the dead man, and made that perilous jump so that no suspicion could possibly fall on him if the theft was discovered.

"I'm sorry to have troubled you," she said, turning away.

Her face was very worried as she climbed the stairs to her own room on the floor above. The trouble about Philip had been bad enough in all conscience. But now her discovery had made things worse. Daniel Wise wouldn't come forward to support their story. If she disclosed what she knew, and he had to admit his presence on the balcony, he'd be only too ready to tell any kind of lie to cover up his own crime.

And yet she couldn't let him get away with this. Her duty was clear. She must tell the truth to someone in authority without delay. She paced about her little room in indecision. Quite suddenly she thought of Pom Pom.

Detective Inspector Pomeroy was more or less engaged to her friend, Molly O'Rourke, almoner at the Royal Edward Hospital. Frankie had met him on one or two occasions and liked him. He was a good sort. She was sure he'd do his best for her.

She had his private phone number somewhere in her address book. Hastily finding this, she dialled the number. In a few moments, a sleepy voice answered the call.

"This is Frances Leyburn speaking from the Colossal," she said. "I'm awfully sorry to drag

(*please turn to page* 37)

In silence the doctor made a quick examination. When he spoke his voice was grave, "Yes, he's dead," he said

ROMANCE OF RED-HAIRED WOMEN

Throughout the ages, women with red hair have, by the strength of their personalities, played important roles in the pageant of life, influencing not only individuals but sometimes whole nations. In this, the first of a new series, is told the story of tragic Queen Caroline, whose high courage enabled her to triumph over all the indignities her husband thrust upon her

BY
W. J. PASSINGHAM
ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD LAMPITT

WHEN your grandfathers boast of those great men of the early nineteenth century who represented the flower of English chivalry, of the glories of the Regency, of that impartial justice peculiar to Englishmen—tell them this story of a girl from Brunswick.

Tell them of Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, Queen Consort of King George IV, who came, a perfect stranger and without a friend, to our land where she suffered a lifetime of insult and persecution at the hands of a royal husband who was the greatest blackguard in Europe. Englishmen whom history calls "great" stood by without a word or gesture of protest—in fear of losing their political advantages—while an innocent woman fought back, with superb courage, to defend her honour.

Only in recent years have the real facts about Caroline of Brunswick been published. Not until King Edward VII gave permission for a certain sealed casket—deposited with her solicitors by Mrs. Maria Fitzherbert—to be opened and its contents made public, was it possible to know the true story. Among other papers revealing a foul conspiracy in which thousands of pounds were spent freely on perjurers to disgrace an innocent woman, there was a marriage certificate which proves beyond question that King George IV was married to Mrs. Maria Fitzherbert ten years before his union with Princess Caroline of Brunswick took place at the Chapel Royal on April 8, 1795.

Caroline was the daughter of Charles, Hereditary Duke of Brunswick, and of the Princess Augusta, who was also a sister of King George III of England. They sold the blue-eyed, auburn-haired Princess Caroline for political reasons to a drunken ruffian who was England's Prince of Wales and, at twenty-seven years of age, she sailed across the North Sea to a tragic destiny. It happened that the first to receive her on English soil—as represented by the deck of H.M.S. *Jupiter*—was a young midshipman named Doyle. Poor Caroline landed in England when her future husband's conduct was a public scandal. His latest mistress was Lady Jersey, who actually accompanied Caroline of Brunswick, as lady-in-waiting, from the ship to London.

From that day forward—Saturday, April 4, 1795—until her death, Caroline came under the evil genius of George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales and afterwards King George IV. Her story is of a husband's persecution of the wife he deserted and insulted at every opportunity, for George hated her as only a coward can hate. It is also the story of one woman against all the resources of England exerted to hide a staggering national scandal—and the lion-hearted Caroline won!

No sooner was her arrival reported in London than, in the West End clubs, odds of two to one were freely offered against her marriage. But despite the odds, Caroline became Princess of Wales on the fourth day of her arrival in England, and the wedding ceremony was conducted with all the usual pomp and pageantry by Doctor Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury. That the Prince of Wales was drunk on this auspicious occasion did not dismay nor surprise his friends and family, who would have been amazed to see him sober. But poor Caroline knew it and suppressed her tears. Her wedding night, she said, "ended under the grate, where he fell and where I left him!"

Caroline was at a loss to understand why the Prince had ever asked for her hand in marriage. The brutal truth was made known to her at last by Lady Jersey. George had married her merely to pay his gambling debts.

So the Prince of Wales received the money, and "settled down" at Brighton with his wife and Lady Jersey. When Caroline's eyes were opened to the fact that her husband's mistress was to be her sole companion, she exhibited that courage of hers to such purpose that George had to send Lady Jersey away to prevent a public scandal.

Within a few months, however, Lady Jersey was reinstalled as a member of the Prince's household, and this time Caroline could offer only a feeble resistance, for she was expecting her confinement at any hour. When her daughter, Princess Charlotte Augusta was born, George returned to London with Lady Jersey—who was now Caroline's bitter enemy. At George's own request, Lady Jersey started a system of espionage in the household to find evidence—however slight—on which he could get a divorce.

By way of encouragement, George promised his mistress solemnly that he would never treat his wife with anything but contempt. Lady Jersey was allowed to ridicule her mistress while Caroline was still weak from childbirth, to criticise her dress—put spirits into her beverages that it might be said she was intemperate. When Caroline raved in her weakness, the spirits were changed to Epsom salts.

Throughout this malicious persecution Caroline's dignity and courage never deserted her. But the resistance served only to increase her husband's hatred and his efforts to blacken her character. The Prince of Wales was mad with rage when he found that in spite of all the slander he had noised abroad the average Englishman—the man in the street—raised a cheer for Caroline and maintained an ominous silence for him whenever they appeared in public.

It may seem incredible in our own generation, but it is true that George set up a secret tribunal of his friends to inquire into his wife's conduct and collect evidence against her honour. This infamous tribunal, "The Delicate Investigation," started with the death—in January, 1806—of Caroline's friend and defender, William Pitt.

With the death of Pitt, a new ministry was formed

Her arrival at Dover was met with a royal salute from the castle and the cheers of an excited crowd which had waited for hours to see her land

by Fox and other of the Prince's friends under Lord Grenville—that well-known ministry of "All the Talents." It is with reluctance one has to record that eminent English statesmen and lawyers conspired to win the royal favour by bearing false witness against an innocent woman.

She was accused of being the mother of an illegitimate child, and the perjurers pressed their case to a point where King George III had to take action in defence of the family's good name. The King had to grant a royal warrant directing Lord Erskine, Lord Grenville, Lord Spencer and Lord Ellenborough to inquire into the truth of the allegations. After long and careful inquiry, Caroline, Princess of Wales, was declared completely innocent of all charges against her character.

But the relentless persecution of so many powerful enemies was now undermining Caroline's health. When the aged King George III was declared insane and Prince George made Regent, she lost a great friend and protector. Then came the death of her beloved father at the battle of Jena. Only such a lion-hearted woman as Caroline could have borne these overwhelming misfortunes without collapse.

George's first move was to separate Caroline from her daughter, an act which came nearer to breaking the mother's heart than anything which had gone before. To escape the increasing number of enemies surrounding her, Caroline decided to go into exile.

Caroline left England, where she had been subjected to an organised persecution unparalleled in British history, on August 9, 1814, never suspecting that her husband's spies were everywhere about her from the moment she arrived in Europe.

The chief spy hired by the Prince Regent was Baron Freiderich Ompteda, at that time the Hanoverian envoy accredited to the Pontifical Court—a man chosen because he was well known to Caroline, who never suspected his real purpose when they met in Rome. About a year after the Princess of Wales had left England, however, this despicable Judas sent his first report to England describing a man named Pergami—a courier in Caroline's retinue.

". . . a sort of Apollo, of superb and commanding appearance more than six feet tall; his physical beauty attracts all eyes. . . ."

Pergami was the man whom the Regent's spies were commanded to watch night and day, and thousands of pounds were poured out of the Secret Service fund to build up a case—any case sufficiently disgraceful—to ruin the honour of the Princess of Wales. Ompteda marked down Pergami as Caroline's paramour, and began to build up his case of calumny which is considered to have cost British taxpayers at least £100,000. Caroline's tour of the Continent was very extensive for a traveller in those days, and not until news of the old King's death reached her did she contemplate a return to claim her rights as Queen of England.

Her arrival at Dover after six years of exile was met with a royal salute from the Castle, and the cheers of an excited crowd which waited for hours to see her land. An account of Caroline's popularity with the people was always sufficient to send George into fits of rage, for he knew himself to be hated among his subjects. His determination to divorce Caroline was stronger than ever when he learned that she had arrived in London to be cheered by multitudes of working-class people along the route. He at once produced the evidence for which the country had paid so dearly, only to find that his Ministers were openly sceptical about its legal value.

Before landing at Dover, Caroline had met that great lawyer, Henry Peter Brougham, who came to her as an official envoy from Parliament to offer her a pension of £50,000 a year if she would relinquish her title and remain abroad for the rest of her life. But Caroline was made of sterner stuff than Parliament supposed. She had learned of her alleged indecent conduct with one of her own servants. Now that the attack on her honour was about to begin she was prepared to fight. And what a fight she made through her counsel—Brougham, Denman, Lushington, Williams, Tindal and Wild!

The witnesses were for the most part Italian servants paid by the King to speak of disgraceful conduct between his wife and Pergami, and the details set out at length before the House of Lords border upon obscenity. This was the Charge:

"That her Majesty the Queen, wholly regardless of her honour and of her character, and unmindful of her duty to her husband, conducted herself to the said Bartholomew Pergami, and in other respects, both in public and private, in various places and countries which she visited, with indecency, and with offensive familiarity and freedom."

Witness after witness came forward to give evidence through an interpreter, and the longer the King's counsel went on with their examination the more unconvincing became their case. The trial of Queen Caroline was a signal triumph for her brilliant defenders, Brougham and Denman, who both made legal history with superb orations on her behalf. Brougham tore the perjured evidence to shreds, and in his indignation asserted boldly:

"I assure your lordships that the case against the Queen, supported as it is at present, not only does not require a survey of the conduct pursued by her illustrious Consort, but imposes on me the necessity of silence in this respect; and I assure yon that but for that my lips on this subject should not be closed."

The real charge against her was that she resided abroad instead of at home, and associated with Italians instead of the Peers and Peeresses of England.

With overpowering eloquence counsel for the Queen addressed the House in a manner which showed he knew all about the conspiracy and espionage inflicted upon his client. Many a famous English nobleman must have squirmed in his gilded seat at Brougham's dangerous revelations and fearless attack. The trial began on August 17, 1820, and on November 10 the Bill to divorce and disgrace Caroline—after passing the third reading—was abandoned!

Caroline's triumph over her perjurers and her despicable husband was complete, and demonstrations against the King took place in several parts of London. There remained one more move for the King to make against his wife, and this he made in the arrangements for his coronation.

Queen Caroline openly declared her intention to be crowned with her husband at Westminster Abbey, and the King resorted to every subterfuge to prevent her making an appearance there. Every officer in command of troops around the Abbey received precise instructions. A public scandal was created by the pitiful attempts of poor Caroline to take her proper part in the ceremony, but at every door the guards refused to admit her.

This humiliating experience proved more than Caroline's health could bear. She was now a tired woman of fifty-three, worn out by constant insults and persecution from the King who had treated his parents and his wife with brutality and contempt. Caroline faced death with that same courage which had defied a monarch and his ministers. Yet she had not been entirely without friends. No fewer than five Lord Chancellors, at different times, were her champions and defenders—Eldon, Brougham, Erskine, Truro and Hatherly.

When her fight in the House of Lords and outside Westminster Abbey was over, there was nothing else left in life for Caroline. Calmly, she discussed arrangements with her advisers for her funeral and the passage of her coffin to Brunswick, made her will with a codicil attached that "the inscription on my coffin be—'Here lies Caroline of Brunswick, the injured Queen of England.'"

The Lioness of Brunswick, who feared no man or the evil men may do, died on the night of August 7, 1821, her spirit crushed, but never conquered—passing to a peace and justice ever denied her in England.

And the ship which carried her home across the North Sea was commanded by a certain Captain Doyle—the same who, as a midshipman, was first to welcome her when she boarded H.M.S. *Jupiter* for England, twenty-five years before.

She was replying: "Don't complain about me, Terry. Complain of nature"

HOPE THE MAN WINS

Short Short Story Complete On This Page

BY MAX BRAND

ONCE Jimmy Kerns made seven pounds ten, but that was his biggest haul. It happened when he was regularly stationed in a hotel full of convention delegates, who insisted on going places and paying for things, but as a rule he averaged around four pounds a week. He cut out whisky and stuck to beer, but still he could not save very much; and so he went on living for two years with his hand on the door of paradise, but never able to walk in and make himself at home. He drove his taxi all day long with a misting dream of happiness before his eyes.

That glance which could pick out from a block away the prosperous pedestrian and lure him into the cab with a smile and an open door, had now grown dim; and just as his hunger of heart grew greater and greater his income grew less and less. There had been a time when Jimmy could tell by instinct just how to please a fare. He knew when the gay young bucks wanted to raise a breeze and skid the corners; he knew the rhythm which pleases cautious age, just one pulse slower than the beat of the traffic.

But now his preoccupation blinded him to others. There had been days when he learned so much from the back seat that the papers hardly could give him news; but now the voice of melancholy at his own ear drowned all others until, on this afternoon, the girl in his cab said to her man: "It's just because I've loved you so much that I'm tired of it all."

It was a rainy afternoon with the downpour turning to hot steam. In the lower stories of buildings, lights were coming on in this false twilight. The traffic, thickened everywhere by the sudden demand for taxies, stalled even along Piccadilly, tied itself into inextricable knots along the side-streets, and now and then moaned far and near with hopeless voices. It was a time when the driver needed to pick his openings like a fencer, but Jimmy Kerns, after that first sentence from the girl, forgot the greasy streets, forgot how his hands stuck to the wheel and how his collar stuck to his neck. He kept only a tenth part of his brain for the work in hand and poured out the rest of his soul as an audience for the rear seat.

The vision of his own Molly came entrancingly close to him, with that one line of worry incised each year more permanently between her eyes. It was true that she had waited patiently, but now her patience seemed to be drawing to a close and the years had slipped away from her like an unhappy spell last Saturday night when she was with Garry Doolan at the dance. Garry Doolan, in the cab of a ten-wheel lorry, made six pounds a week.

The picture of Molly still dwelt in his mind's eye as he recalled the girl who now rode in the cab. She was not a patch on Molly, for she was thin, with big, shadowy eyes; the man was full-necked.

He was saying: "I know. It's been that way since the Bible days. The man has to wait and like it; it's the girl who can afford to get tired. All the old stories are rot. There's no more 'forever' stuff in the world. 'Love but one and love forever'—that's rot."

"Why do you say that?" asked the girl.

"Because it's true," said he. His voice swelled. It was a good voice. It had the resonance of song in it, though muted and controlled for speech. "There's no more of the real love. When a girl looks at a man, she has one eye on the divorce court! She signs a Declaration of Independence, not a marriage certificate or a family Bible; and once a week after she's married she touches off the fireworks for another fifth of November."

It was strong talk. It was severe talk. Every word of it plucked at the heart-strings of Jimmy Kerns. He wondered what the girl could say to this. Would even Molly have an answer? In his heart he wrote down the words for later use.

She was replying: "Don't complain about me, Terry. Complain of nature."

"Ah, you're natural enough," said Terry. "You're all perfectly natural. It's natural for a woman to change her mind, and you change 'em fast enough. You're *more* natural than nature."

"Steady, Terry! Steady!" said the girl.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Was that too loud?"

"A great deal," she answered.

Jimmy Kerns was touched. *His* people, when they were moved, let out their voices to the full, but he recognised the sign of culture when he met it. This fellow was a little overweight and a little severe, but Jimmy hoped with all his heart that he would win. Jimmy sat with every faculty intent on listening, like a child hearing its first fairy story.

"I've done all the talking," said Terry. "Now it's your turn."

"You're doing the talking because you're the one who feels most hurt," said the girl. "The fact is that you've been just as tired of the long wait as I've been. But the first one to turn the back and decide on the change is sure to leave a heartache with the other fellow. Isn't that true?"

"It *is* true," said Terry. "You're a reasonable girl. If you had nothing else, I'd love you for that."

"You shouldn't though," she answered. "It's the *reason* that you're hating isn't it? I've reasoned it out and see that we can't go on waiting forever for one another. And you hate that."

"I don't," said Terry. "It's that you've stopped caring a hang about me. That's what knocks the props out from under. Waiting? We've waited three years, but what's that?"

"Somebody in the Bible waited seven. Is that what you mean?" she asked. "Well, they had more durable complexions in those days, perhaps. But look—a girl has just one great moment. There's only one time when she's fresh and on her toes. Afterward—the bubbles leave the drink. I've spent that whole moment loving you. I never was beautiful but in my moment I was given a sort of beauty. Now it's gone. It never will come back. I want to live. I want to have children. But now I go back into the world like shelf-worn goods and the price is marked down."

The heart of Jimmy stopped. What living answer was there to this crushing truth, he wondered?

"You talk as though it were a market—an exchange," said Terry, bitterly.

"Well, it is," said the girl. "What have I to offer? I can't walk as far or run as fast or jump as high as a man. I can't lift his weights. I haven't his nerves in the pinches. His brain is going to outlast me, in most things. I'm going to offer him an illusion, first, and when the illusion has worn off, I'll give him love to the end of time. You see I'm reasonable about it; but I hate being reasonable. I hate to have every action planned out like a moving picture . . . that's why I'm saying good-bye."

A greater cold than that of winter entered the heart of Jimmy Kerns. He felt that he had lost.

"Damn reason, then," said Terry. "You can't say good-bye. You're going to marry me!"

"And live on what?" she asked.

"On what I make," he answered.

"We can't live on that," she said.

"Then we'll starve on it," said Terry.

"We'd have to live in two furnished rooms." she said. "Why not?" he asked.

"You're crazy!" the girl replied. "Your friends would hoot at you!"

"Damn my friends," said Terry. "I'm not marrying them. Just tell me you'll marry me!"

"When?" she asked.

"Now!" said Terry.

"Darling," said the girl, "it's such a habit for me to do what you wish!"

Jimmy Kerns, through the whirling mist of his excitement, drew up at the Portman Place address and took in his hand the half-crown which paid the fare and gave him a sixpenny tip.

It meant nothing to him that Terry was rolling up a bit of type-written paper. For the tongue and the heart and the hands of Jimmy now were blindly eager to grapple with Molly and destiny.

"Is it all right?" Terry asked, anxiously.

"I think it's rather good," said the girl judicially. "But what's the matter with that driver?"

For Jimmy Kerns had shot his car away from the kerb and darted it into the throng of the traffic like a hurled javelin. His mudguards clashed like the shields of heroes against a lorry on one side and an ambulance on the other as he rode over a red light and plunged wildly on his way.

"He acts like a fellow who has his mind made up for something," said Terry and walked with the girl into the entrance of Broadcasting House, fitting the script of their scene into an inner pock

MAIN STREET AFRICA

Those people who think they can still blaze a trail in Africa are going to get burned, for they'll soon be building modern semi-detached bungalows down Jungle Avenue!

BY PETER LANGDALE

There's a legion that never was listed,
That carries no colours nor crest,
But split in a thousand detachments,
It's blazing the trail for the rest.

SOUNDED good at sixteen, my trail-blazer's theme song. It tanged of high adventure, fetid, fever-stricken swamps, isolated outposts of Empire, fighting till the last man, heroes of vast unconquered continents, dark hordes overwhelming a mere handful of valiant whites. And all that.

They don't write stuff like that nowadays; and I know why. I've been there. I came home from India towards the end of the war in an ammunition ship that had to negotiate a carefully laid network of mines and from that time on I've been globe-trotting in search of adventure!

But in this ultra-modern world of ours adventure, of the kind I want, is a little difficult to locate. It's there all right and often I have found it, but seldom in places of romantic reputation.

To be a successful adventurer to-day means business-like specialisation, not useless vagabondage, a knack of distinguishing new-born tourist Meccas from those rare oases in the desert of commercialism, where Romance is no illusive mirage.

We live in a world with far fewer thrills for the traveller—a tame universe shamefully despoiled of its uncharted Isles, Forgotten Paradises, Jungle Fastnesses and the rest of the breath-taking catalogue. No matter how far afield you roam you'll nearly always find footprints before you, the nicks of the prospector's pick in the rock, the puncture of the surveyor's theodolite. So even at the Back o' Beyond the thrills are usually secondhand; and anywhere nearer to civilisation than that the destruction of illusions is positively painful.

I went to Darkest Africa to taste the thrills of that fly-stricken, sun-parched land, to see the loin-clothed nigger in his primitive hut, and instead I saw an insolent creature in a bowler hat and plus-fours. I expected to gaze with awe upon the roaring lion, to stalk him fearfully to his lair, and I saw a scraggy half-starved phantom bombarded with oranges by a tourist, slinking away without protest into the bush.

I viewed the glorious height of Table Mountain with a humble admiration until I visited the café they've built on top.

Northward bound I prayed civilisation had not grasped too much of the desolate veldt, where man-eating beasts were alleged to prowl and where aboriginals had once hunched over their cooking-pots of boiled missionary.

Seeing me without a gun but clad in regulation hunting-gear—safari shirt, snake boots, shorts and topee—a native approached the car at a lonely dorp. He jabbered in a tongue that spelled romance and my "boy" translated the words.

"Without a weapon, a man in Africa must fear the sound of his feet on the path; armed, he can afford to crack a twig."

Not an ancient Kaffir proverb, but subtle sales talk. For the native's next utterance proved he had a powerful gun that was built for a hunter of my obvious prowess. However, you can still see war

(*please turn over*)

"I expected to gaze with awe upon the roaring lion to stalk him fearfully to his lair, and I saw a scraggy half-starved phantom bombarded with oranges by a tourist, slinking away into the bush without protest"

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dances—in Johannesburg on Saturday nights, in well-controlled celebration of the native teams' weekly football matches.

In the mine compounds the hardy underground "boys" have to be instructed in their own war dances by white men!

You see, war-dancing went out of fashion when there were no more wars to fight and now civilisation yearns for local colour, however synthetic.

In ratio to its size Johannesburg is better equipped with cinemas than is London. Films often reach there long before they come to us. Cars that move through the up-to-date streets are as luxurious as any in the world's capital, better kept and more expensive. South Africa is America's second best car customer.

The "dangerous" native convicts of Johannesburg jail will weed your garden or wash your dishes for you at the reasonable cost of 1s. 6d. a day—2s. extra for a guard and that's unnecessary extravagance. There's the true story of the company of native prisoners who lost their guard and marched to the prison in perfect order, apologising for his absence.

There is the native quarter where life is truer to Broadway, New York, than darkest Africa. The Chinese conduct illegal pukka-poo gambling-parlours, the Syrians their shebeens or drinking-dens, all with the utmost deference to decorum.

Johannesburg is indeed a miniature New York; a fifty-year old city of modern skyscrapers; the highest is twenty-two storeys and forms the first structure of what in a few years will be a second Manhattan sky-line. The mine dumps—those man-made mountains written up so romantically by a thousand writers—surround the city and pollute the air with their germ-filled dust. There is a plan to convert them into landing-fields and even hotels.

The natives, far from being the primitive creatures I had supposed, do everything Europeans do, are sometimes better educated and go to bed in pyjamas.

True, there are one or two things barred to them. They cannot walk the streets of the city after dark without a special pass from their white employer. They can't buy or sell liquor, although this is easily overcome by the Syrian population who supply them; the former, ironically enough, are legally under the same ban as the blacks. Yet the native can brew his own beer, and that beverage from ground maize can be as potent as the best Scotch.

The day before I left Johannesburg for the north, it began to *snow*, covering the entire city with a white blanket that made you wonder whether you were in Africa after all. The ice-rink they've got there did not do so well that day, nor did the super theatre or cinemas. Everyone had put on his coat and gloves to snowball.

Once more on the northward trail, I couldn't help noticing how fertile the veldt—once the hunting-ground of fearsome animals—had become since the white man trekked that way and took a hand in managing things. The "poor whites" along the road with their wagon-loads of wood had each his tip for the races at Turfontein. The cultivated bush looked as peaceful as the English countryside.

The natives on trek carried their large suitcases as if they'd been used to them all their lives, humming meanwhile a tune to the accompaniment of Basuto hand "pianos"—the last link with their old habits.

One night a band of thirty weary natives, ragged, loaded with baggage, knobkerries, descended on me and humbly asked my permission to camp by the stream. In the old days I'd have been lucky to escape alive. Farther on, the natives would scatter before the advance of the car, leaving their cattle unprotected and their razor-edged spears on the ground.

Once there came adventure—with a leopard. The next one I saw I photographed close up; then I "shot" a lion with my lens—it seemed almost cowardly to use a bullet.

I passed a prancing Kaffir outside a Thabina tea-room, placed there in his ferocious, native war dress to attract customers. I met two girl motor-cyclists who had come all the way from England and had not had the opportunity to fire a shot from the one revolver they had between them. I secured water from a roadside hut and the native offered me a tin of radiator cement.

He had a store of these tins, because, as he said, "It comes in handy." And I'd been thinking, just because I was a little way off the macadam road, that mine was one of the few cars he'd ever seen.

Then, at last, only a vast stretch of uninhabited veldt and purple-tinted mountains could be seen in any direction. Absorbed in the sight I did not notice the roar of the mail plane in the cloudless sky until it was directly overhead.

In the picture above, the author is looking over a diamond claim and below is "Broadway, Egypt"

The contradiction sent me on once again—disillusioned. I came to Bulawayo, once the kraal of Lobengula. Now it boasts the broadest street in the world. One of the local chiefs employs a press agent and, in common with a powerful Swaziland ruler, sports tails, top hat and spats. They like our civilised eccentricities; and they've been university educated.

I spoke to a sub-chief, Lotemu, who received me in his modern house and spoke better English than I could muster during our conversation.

I visited the hotel where the specially constructed platform at the top of a tree in the dense bush, provides the guests with a ringside view of a drinking-pool, visited nightly by hundreds of wild animals. Farther on, like a mirage in the veldt, was the luxurious home of Mr. K. S. Selby, the "rubble gold" expert who has built a huge, hotel-like building equipped with every modern comfort device and an open-air swimming-pool.

Zimbabwe Ruins, those massive walls of piled and cemented stones, still defying man to possess the secret of their origin, showed evidence of tourist vandalism such as name carvings and a litter of picnic baskets. And cafés and picture-postcard booths have sprung up where once white man feared to tread.

Even farther afield among the solitary gold mines of Rhodesia, it was impossible to avoid certain hallmarks of civilisation. Far-flung outposts though these places are, the latest dress designs from Paris can be seen on the women dancers in the rough but comfortable social halls of the settlement. The men, khaki clad, working in the mines in the day time, put on immaculate dinner jackets at night.

Broken Hill was showing Eddie Cantor at the local cinema when I arrived. It was a festive show that would have done credit to a London first night. Afterwards there was whisky and dancing until the early hours.

Mine host slept with a lion for a watchdog. He'd captured it as a cub, and now, full grown, it was a warning influence over native thieves. "Not that it would harm a fly," he added, "It's just the reputation."

This reminded me of the tame crocodile, Lutembe, of Uganda, whom I called to the banks of his home in the river and fed by hand. Since then Lutembe has reared a family and they're all as tame as their father.

Passing into the Congo, which always represented to me the mysterious heart of Africa, I could not suppress a thrill of anticipation. Elizabethville, the capital, was disinterestingly modern, with its numerous bars; and the girls who serve behind those bars have an established reputation for beauty throughout the Congo.

In fact, this heart of Africa added nothing more than the rest of the journey as far as adventure was concerned. East Africa, famous for the Serengetti Plains, where lives every kind of animal, was recently proclaimed a reserved area—it was found the animals were too tame to permit shooting. I entered a lion preserve and gazed close up at the prostrate inmates who did not even bother to look up. Sated with food and drugged by the blazing sun they were content to live and let live.

I expected difficulty in raising guides at the Mountains of the Moon, Kilimanjaro, because of the superstition that for centuries has made the natives fear the neighbourhood. A headman promised me any number of boys if I paid them ordinary porter hire, about a shilling a day and food. Mystified, I enquired about the age-old superstition. He laughed and said simply, "I have grown wiser than my father."

By boat to Egypt, after a voyage that did result in the kind of adventure I sought—but that is another tale—I first reached Aden in Arabia.

Here was more evidence of civilisation's trade marks. The ancient reservoirs, 5,000 B.C., are now electrically lighted, repaired with cement, railings built everywhere, water capacity measured, improved in such a way as to be unrecognisable.

Then Egypt and Cairo with its noxious section of beggars and grafters. Every dragoman has to be a student of Egyptology, a qualified man versed in every department of local history. Take another glance at that picture of the diving girl against a hundred per cent. background of genuine Cheops pyramid, and you'll see it's no fake.

It was taken at the luxury bathing-pool within a stone's throw of the inscrutable Sphinx.

He doesn't appear in the picture because he's shy about his profile when there's a press photographer around. You see, he really has no profile—the wind and sand have worn it away and he can thank the retouch artist for saving his face. As for that "inscrutable smile" cliche, well, he wasn't feeling so good the time I came along.

I always like being fair so I made a point of seeing all these things by moonlight. It's the correct way to feel the influence of these desert images, they say. The modern tram from Cairo carried me within two hundred yards of the ancient monuments and then I mounted one of a herd of camels that had been doing nothing else for years, and rode with the rest of the trippers.

It was a pity the dragoman spoke English so fluently; "baksheesh" (tip) was about the only foreign word he seemed to know. The pyramid looked a trifle jerry-built in the moonlight, and there were a few couples who just couldn't be bothered with the Tower-of-London-guide talk so they went to do a little spooning inside.

The main roads of Egypt are, incidentally, comparable with the best in the world. The mosques in Cairo, with their recitals of the Koran are a distinct tourist draw. Verdant parks, broad avenues, palatial banks, hotels and offices, luxury cinemas, theatres and restaurants, social functions and gatherings—that is modern Cairo.

And now after all that concentrated disillusionment, the travel agencies will be after my blood. Perhaps you'll decide to postpone that tour for which you've been saving so hard. Don't.

You'll probably be one of the lucky ones who hit on adventure first time. It's always there—just around the corner. The difficulty is catching up with it.

JUST-SO JUJITSU

A boss who turns you into a cross between a windmill and a double somersault the first time you see him is not the sort of man to have at the wheel when your tyres scream trouble

BY
EDWARD
L. ENGLISH
ILLUSTRATED BY
EDGAR SPENCELEY

"BUT are you a careful driver?" Mrs. Riggs asked, before hiring me as the family chauffeur.

I told her they didn't come any carefuller. This pleased Mrs. Riggs. She said that whenever she went anywhere, she had all day to do it in, and she preferred just turtling along to whizzing over the short cuts.

"One of your duties, Louis," Mrs. Riggs told me, "will be to take Mr. Riggs to his office in the morning and call for him again in the late afternoon. In this connection, I want to enlist your help. He likes automobiles and likes to drive them, but he fights traffic terribly. Mr. Riggs is very hot-tempered, Louis, and I'm fearful that some day he may get into trouble. Try to calm him down when he gets a burning desire to commit murder."

This did not sound so good. I am a very peaceable citizen myself and I did not like the idea of going to work for anybody as rough-and-tumble as this Mr. Riggs seemed to be. I am the sort of man who minds his own business and does not go around looking for trouble. Anything for a peaceful life, is my motto.

Well, I had Mr. Riggs pictured as about six feet two, with a truck-bumper jaw, soup-bone fists, and arms as thick as fire plugs. But when I met him that evening I got a big surprise.

This fire-eater whom it was my job to keep tamed down, was a little runt, just the right size for a bookmark. I couldn't imagine a little fellow like him being hot-tempered.

"Mrs. Riggs tells me you brought excellent references, Louis," my new boss said, that evening after dinner when he came out to the garage, where I was shampooing the car. "She says you are very careful. I like that. I detest wild drivers."

"So do I, Mr. Riggs," I said. "These wild drivers always end up in trouble sooner or later and I am a great believer in staying out of trouble, sir."

Then all of a sudden he put on a scrappy look and asked me, "Do you ever try to bluff other drivers when you are making a left-hand turn?"

"No, sir," I said, truthfully.

The boss looked scrappier. "Do you let them bluff you?"

"Well, sir," I said, "I always stop properly. Then I start across the street. If anybody tries to crowd me, I lean out the window and I say politely, 'Mister, not so fast,' but if they do not pay any attention to me, why I always say to myself that life is too short to be starting a lot of trouble over such things."

"That's not my policy, Louis," grunted the boss. "Nobody can push me around and get away with it. I wish you had been along with me this morning. A fellow almost rammed my right fender. Man, oh man, did I flatten him!"

"You flattened him, sir?" I said, surprised.

"I mowed him down!" said the boss.

"You did, Mr. Riggs?" I said. "How big was he?"

"About five feet eleven."

I didn't know what to say. I just looked astonished.

"I know what you're thinking, Louis," Mr. Riggs went on. "You're wondering how a man of my build could whip a fellow five feet eleven and weighing about a hundred and seventy pounds. Well, here's the answer."

The boss reached under his coat to a hip pocket and brought out a rolled-up book. It was written by a Japanese party named Kajiwaga, and it offered you easy lessons in jujitsu.

"Are you familiar with the science?" Mr. Riggs asked.

"Not exactly," I admitted. "Years ago, in a show, I saw some Japs heaving one and all around, and I think they called it jujitsu."

"That's only one part of it," he explained. "Jujitsu has all sorts of tricks. It's a marvellous attack method. You can well imagine that a race of small men like the Japanese would put their all into perfecting a science that would make them the physical equals of giants."

I asked him how it worked.

"Well," said Mr. Riggs, yawning, "make a reach for me—as though you were trying to grab a gun from me or grasp my throat or sleeve."

So I made a grab at his throat—and shook hands with an earthquake. The boss grabbed my thumb with some trick hold, and gave it a wrench that upset me with such a waving of arms and legs that I must have looked like the direct descendant of windmills on my mother's side and semaphores on my father's.

When I quit wigwagging, I was on my back on the garage floor and the water hose was squirting up one of my pants legs.

"Mr. Riggs," I said, "it is probably a lucky thing for both of us that I am a peaceable sort of fellow and anxious to avoid trouble. If I was at all hasty or hot-tempered I might get peeved over having something like that happen to me."

"You asked for it!" yelled Mr. Riggs, grinning down at me.

"You're right, boss." I was sheepish. "But, if I ever ask for it again, just act like you don't hear me."

"Just a second, please, Louis." Mr. Riggs got a spring-wind tape measure out of a vest pocket and measured me. "Hmm. You're a pretty big fellow—six feet and an inch and an eighth." He jotted down a note in a memo book.

"Do you keep a record of people you throw?" I enquired.

"Yes, sir! And here's the grandest of them all, on page seven. He was a plumber's helper—six feet three. He hit my car from behind and then got impudent in the bargain. I threw him so hard that he was afraid to get up for fear of being thrown again. Here's a snapshot of him."

He handed me a picture of dazed-looking man sprawled in the street on his back, partly up on one elbow. The victim looked as though he had been pushed off a balcony and walked on by a covey of elephants.

"I was lucky," Mr. Riggs chuckled. "I had been photographing some dahlias in Forest Park on my way downtown and the camera was on the seat beside me. That reminds me; I want to take that negative downtown to-morrow and have an enlargement made."

"It's too bad," I sympathized, "that you can't buy some oversized fisherman's scales and weigh these victims. How did you come to take up jujitsu, Mr. Riggs?"

I saw Cassidy do a little shuffle and then suddenly he went into a cartwheel, like a man who has stepped on an escalator without knowing it was there

"My hair was just too beautiful when I was a kid," he growled through gritted teeth. "It was long and curly, and my mother made me wear Eton collars. The tough kids in school called me 'Colonel Sugarlump' and 'The Poet.'

"So, I made up my mind I was going to lick every one of them. I tried it too, but they were all too good for me or too big for me. I got licked badly and often. I guess it gave me a complex. Then, when I got to driving an automobile and traffic congestion grew steadily worse, I found myself constantly being imposed upon by other drivers who tried to take advantage of my—um—small stature. When I saw this little jujitsu volume in a bookshop, the whole picture was changed over night.

"Can't you imagine, Louis, what satisfaction it gives a little man to be able to smack down big, tough fellows after years of abuse? I used to try to avoid trouble, but I welcome it now."

"Maybe I better get me a book like that—for self-defence," I said.

"No, we'll get along very well together, Louis," he laughed. "Well, I'll see you in the morning. Have the car at the front door at half-past eight."

When Mr. Riggs showed up next day, he was twirling his book and whistling.

"Good morning, Louis," he piped cheerily. "I'll drive and you can take it back. I hope some fresh party gets gay this morning. I'm anxious to try the spinning handshake."

"Very good, sir," I grunted.

The boss gave me a funny look. "Aren't you interested in knowing how it's done?"

"Not to the point of wanting a demonstration," I warned him.

"Then I'll just tell you about it," he said, very pleased. "You grasp the other fellow's hand. Then you whirl suddenly to your left, shoving your hand high up behind you while at the same time twisting his hand. What happens?"

"You put a figure S in the man's spine," I guessed, "his right foot gets stuck in his left ear, his jaw falls in his lap and he loses his hat. Besides, he gets killed and has to be scraped off the pavement."

The boss roared. "That's the way it feels if I manage it right, but what actually happens is that he goes over on his back with a thud."

"Well, the best of luck to you, sir," I said, sitting next to him.

When the boss told me he was a careful driver, he wasn't spreading it on. A man with an armful of Christmas tree ornaments and a cup custard in each hip pocket couldn't be more careful on an icy sidewalk than Mr. Riggs was behind a wheel. If he was going to stop at a street, he put his hand out two blocks away.

"There seem to be very few idiots out driving this morning, Louis," the boss complained. "Looks as though I may not get a chance to try out my spinning handshake."

"No, sir," I sympathised.

"By the way, Louis; my camera is in the package compartment. Move the little knob to f.5.6 and set the shutter speed for a hundredth of a second for this light. If I have any luck, record what you can for posterity. I hope to start a gallery."

Well, sir, we drove for fifteen more blocks with everything as quiet as a well-managed nap, and then something happened. The boss made a dead halt at a stop sign. Then he started slowly to cross the street. A young man in a coupe rushed up on our right, made a slight pause, and then gave it the gas with the idea of crowding past under our noses.

Mr. Riggs stopped awfully suddenly. So did the other guy. If they hadn't, they would have made hash of bumpers, fenders, and head lamps. My boss braced himself and waited for the other party to yell something. The other man did yell, too. He stuck his grinning face away out of his window and yelled, "I beg your pardon!"

Mr. Riggs gave him a smile that contained just about .0001 per cent of humour and goodwill and, as he started up again, he muttered to me, "The double-crosser! He had to go and get polite at the last minute."

The boss was certainly disappointed when we got all the way downtown without any disturbance. When he got out and turned the car over to me, he sighed. "Maybe we'll have better luck this evening."

We did. On the way home, going through a park, we came to a bottleneck caused by part of the street being blocked off for repairs. Cars were going through slowly, two abreast. We were just about to take our turn when a chap who had passed up about ten cars tried to cut in ahead of the man just behind us. He made a bad guess and rammed us, locking his front bumper into our rear bumper.

"Hey, hey!" sang Mr. Riggs with a satisfied grin. "A candidate."

He got out. So did I. So did the other fellow. This party looked to me as though he would show up about five feet ten and a half on the tape measure. He had the build of a man who had played end on the high-school eleven and then took to overeating after graduation.

"What's the big idea of stopping so suddenly?" he snarled.

"Because the car ahead of me stopped and I couldn't hop over it or crawl under it," Mr. Riggs answered quietly. "What's your idea in trying to sneak in ahead of the car behind me?"

"What's it to you if I get in ahead of somebody else?"

"It's a lot to me when you get tangled up in my bumper."

"That's enough of you, you little bum. Just give me some more of your lip and you'll get tangled with me."

"Louis," the boss said over his shoulder, "open it up to f. 3.8 and give it one three hundredth for an action shot."

"Okay. You're in perfect focus," I said.

The belligerent lad turned for a second to see whom the boss was talking to. Mr. Riggs grabbed the fellow's right hand, gave it a hearty shake—and whoops! That spinning handshake worked. The unfortunate man's legs flew up into the air and he came down on his shoulders with a terrific jolt. His head did a bounce on the asphalt, and that shook all the fight out of him.

A friend in the other line of automobiles recognised my boss, stuck out his head and yelped, "Hooray for Riggsy!" Strangers who heard the name took up the yell and saluted the boss with horns and howls. He bowed again and again. I made a picture of that, too, as well as the victim lying in the street.

My photographs turned out well and the boss was so pleased that for four or five days he wasn't particularly anxious about whether he mowed anybody down or not. Then he began talking to me about the carotid artery blow and how effective it was.

"Does that throw them on their backs, sir?" I inquired.

"It can throw them any number of ways," he said. "It's so simple, too. You just flatten your hand out and, using it like the cutting edge of a knife blade, you hit your man on the neck just under the ear, the little-finger side of your hand making the contact.

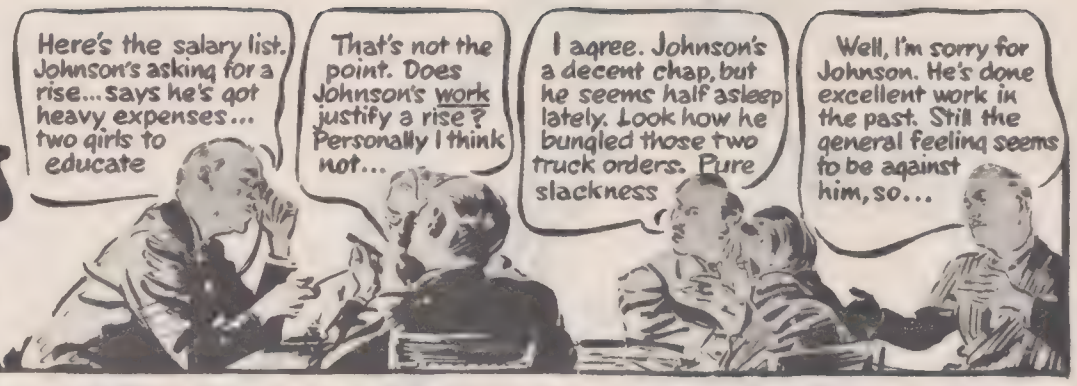
"The victim hears a rushing, hissing noise. A bright light blinds him, turning from bright orange to crimson, then green, and finally exploding in his face. His head feels as though it suddenly went into a head-on collison with a fast train. He loses interest in several hundred thousand things, mostly in living."

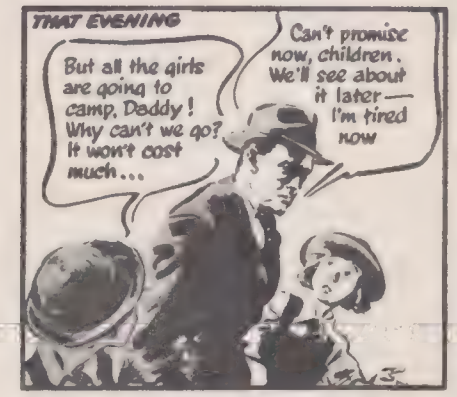
Too bad! Luck was against the boss that day—and the next and the next. A couple of minor nuisances showed up, but they weren't enough for the artery blow. He gave one an ankle-pull-and-hip-push and cooled the other one down with a nerve pinch.

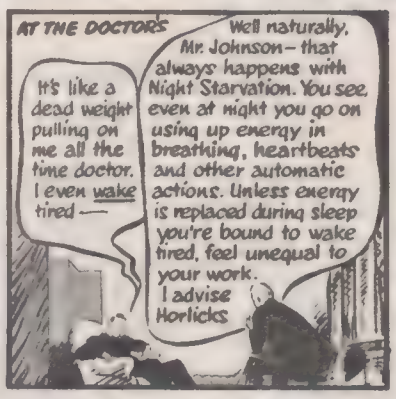
Then one fine day we met our man. He was a

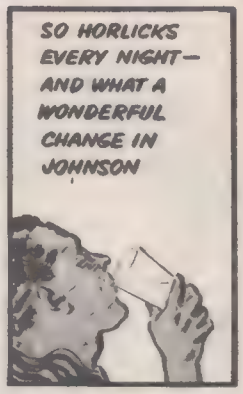
(*please turn to page* 17)

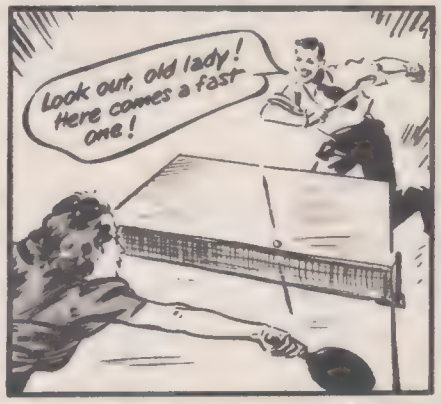
MANY A MAN IS DISCUSSED LIKE THIS by his employers

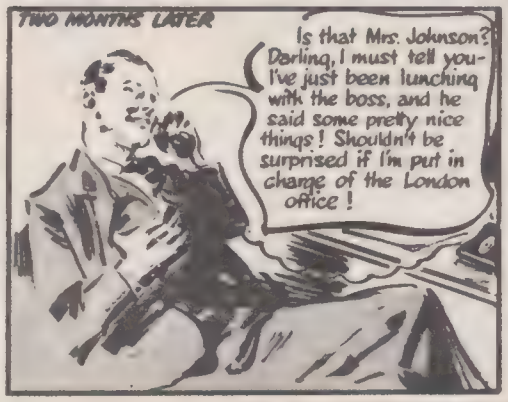












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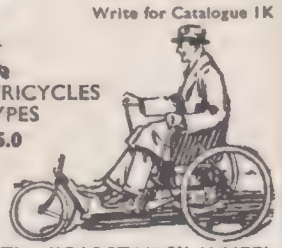

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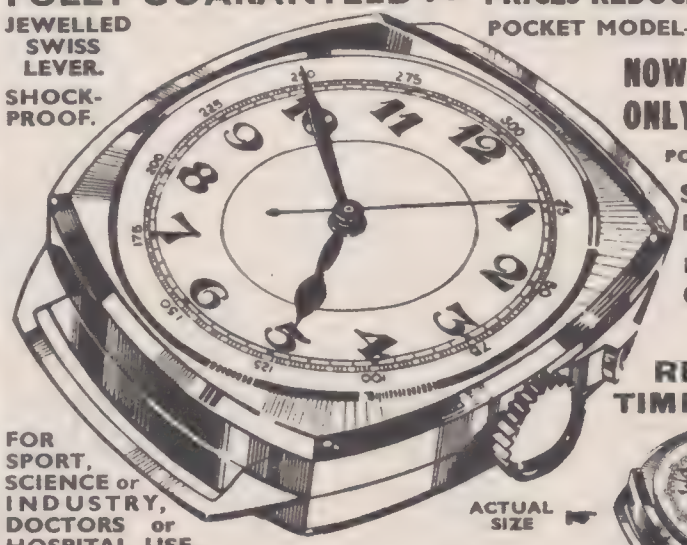

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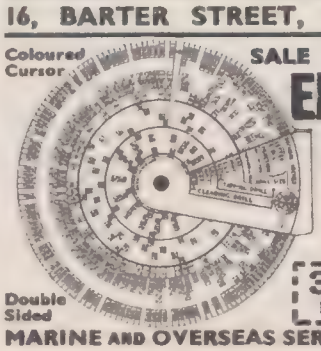

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truck driver, just about half a size smaller than his truck, which was designed for hauling sand, gravel and cement. This driver had a neck like a draught beer barrel, and other standard equipment consisted of a half inch of forehead, a half acre of chest and a half ounce of brains. His arms were hairy and his chest was hairy. In fact, he just missed being a gorilla.

Mr. Riggs was just moving forward with the flash of the green light when this truckman ignored his red light to make a left turn. It looked like a certain smash-up, but the fool managed to stop short. To top it off, he called the boss a very unlovely name.

"This citizen gets the nomination," Mr. Riggs remarked to me as he licked his lips. "I'm going to tease him a little first."

When the human oran-outang saw my boss getting out, he scrambled down off his truck, full of fight. Not a word was said. The gorilla led with a hard left. The boss ducked under it, put his left elbow behind the lad's knee joint, grabbed the enemy's left foot at the instep and lifted. The trucker went forward on his face just as a motor-cycle policeman drove past yelling: "Stop that, you guys!"

As the policeman parked his cycle, our man staggered to his feet and tried a right. He was drawing it back when Mr. Riggs shot out his hand like a rattlesnake and neatly flicked the poor man under the ear. The truck pilot let go a horrible moan, shuddered and his legs collapsed under him.

"This ruffian attacked me, officer," the boss announced to the police officer, whose bulging eyes were comparing the builds of the victor and the vanquished. "My chauffeur witnessed it."

"So did I, officer," piped a fussy little old man on the curb. "It was an absolutely unprovoked assault on the part of that hoodlum there. It was most gratifying, sir, to see how splendidly you acquitted yourself despite the overwhelming odds against you. I shall be most happy to appear for you in court. My card, sir. Yes, officer, it was not only a miserable and cowardly assault, but it came upon the heels of a reckless disregard for traffic signals and. . . ."

"Okay, mister; you told me," the law agreed. Turning to Mr. Riggs, he asked, "Do you want the man caged up when he comes out of it?"

"I think he has been punished enough," the boss said.

While they dragged the body to the sidewalk, I moved the truck out of the way of traffic and then we left when the reviving man-in-the-street said he didn't care to prosecute, thank you.

Mr. Riggs was so puffed up with satisfaction that he could hardly get his breath. He was proud, happy and flushed. I guess he felt like he could lick the world.

"By the way," he said, suddenly remembering, "I want to stop for a second at my bank. If I don't find a parking place, you just drive around the block. I'll only be a minute."

But, day of days! There was a parking place close to the door of the bank. Mr. Riggs pulled up and got ready to back in. Just as he swung sharply back, a big sedan driven by a woman started to go forward into the parking space. She hit us from behind with such a terrific jolt that my head banged back and hit the door-post with a thump that almost knocked me out.

Although I was stunned, I could hear bumpers, brackets, tail lights, headlamps and fog lights falling into the street. The boss was furious. He started to get out.

And so did a great big fellow sitting next to the woman who had brought us this kettle of fish.

I think I know what was spinning around in the boss's head. He wanted to hit somebody, and he couldn't hit this woman. But, her boy friend was there, and maybe he would oblige by talking out of turn.

While I held a flat pocket knife on my head bump to keep the swelling down, I saw the lady's big escort walk over to Mr. Riggs, saying, "Now look here; there's no use. . . ."

Maybe the good man was going to say that there was no use worrying about anything because he would pay the damages. Maybe he was going to say that there was no use quarrelling, because this whole mess could be ironed out in a friendly way.

The boss didn't let him finish. I guess Mr. Riggs was positive the big fellow was going to say, "Now look here; there's no use getting tough." So he made a quick swing at the man's neck under the right ear. The fellow dodged so fast and so expertly that I took a second and more careful look.

Oh! Oh! It was Sailor Cassidy, the light-heavyweight fighter, whom I have seen scrap at the Arena dozens of times.

Now, the funny part about Cassidy is that usually he only fights in the ring. He is said to be one of the easiest-to-get-along-with people in the world—just a big, good-natured lad who would walk ten blocks out of his way to avoid having an argument.

Well, anyway, there was Cassidy—not trying to beat up my boss, but braced with his big, strong arms wrapped around Mr. Riggs' arms and body. Mr. R. was squirming and struggling for some trick hold.

I heard the woman screaming to Cassidy, "Kill him, lover! Beat his ears off!"

She was a very pretty woman, about the size of a sparrow. Cassidy could have put her in his pocket. I remember thinking to myself that it is odd how big men always seem to go for those tiny, frail dames who do not look strong enough to swat a fly.

And at the same time I was thinking it was going to be just too bad for Cassidy if Mr. Riggs got in that artery blow or a spinning handshake. I had seen enough of this jujitsu to know that it didn't matter how good Cassidy was in the ring—he would be up against something away outside his experience if he tangled with my boss.

"I think," I said to myself, "I had better step out and act as peacemaker."

Now the odds against an innocent bystander are usually 200,000 to one, which in no circumstances is an attractive price, but somehow I felt that maybe everything could be fixed up before something terrible happened to Cassidy. But just as I was scrambling out of the car, it happened.

I do not know what hold the boss got on Cassidy but it must have been a dandy.

I saw Cassidy do a little shuffle and then suddenly he went into a cartwheel, like a man who has stepped on to an escalator without knowing it was there.

I was halfway across the pavement when poor Cassidy came down, all spread out like a rug. He hit the pavement with a soggy thud and lay there, completely out. Mr. Riggs didn't exactly plant his foot on Cassidy's chest, but you could see from the way he stood there, grinning and dusting off his hands, that he felt like a conqueror.

I caught a backward glimpse of that frail, little, sparrowlike woman of Cassidy's as I stepped up to congratulate the boss. The poor thing was outside her car now and stepping up to me and the boss, as if she was about to collapse in tears, with one hand behind her back. Despite her fierce words of a moment before, I felt sorry for her.

Then something hit me and I passed out.

When I opened my eyes again, I was in a hospital bed with an awful headache. A nurse—not one of these girls with blue-black hair, violet eyes and soft cool hands, but a fat old lady with a hatchet face and a firm manner—was jamming cracked ice in my mouth. I had gauze and bandages all over my head.

"What happened, nursie?" I inquired.

"Keep quiet—and don't call me 'nursie,'" she growled.

"Am I dying, or what?"

"You'll be all right, but keep quiet until the doctor looks at you again. You're not supposed to talk. Those are the doctor's orders."

Then I tried my best to get some information out of her about what happened to Mr. Riggs. She just buried her face in a magazine and ignored me. Hours wheezed by, but toward evening the doc. came in.

"You got a pretty nasty bump on the head," he said. "A little touch of concussion of the brain, but no fracture, fortunately. You're all right; nothing to worry about."

"I'm glad to hear it," I said. "When do I get up?"

"We'll let you up now in a wheel chair and I guess you can go home in the morning."

"The fifth floor says the patient in 555 wants to see him, doctor," the nurse chimed in.

"Okay. Take him up."

"Can I talk now?" I asked when the doctor had gone out.

"You can, but it's not necessary."

"Who wants to see me?"

"A Mr. Biggs, I think."

"Riggs," I said.

"It's all the same to me," she sighed.

"Is he badly hurt?"

"I haven't the slightest idea; he's not my patient."

If I hadn't heard Mr. R.'s voice when I got to his room, I wouldn't have known it was he. There were 30,000 yards of bandages around his head and shoulders and one arm was in a cast.

"Are you badly hurt, boss?" I asked.

"Not so terribly," he answered with a sick grin. "I'm glad to see you're no worse off than you are. We seem to have got into several pecks of trouble. I have a mass of scalp abrasions, a near skull fracture and a broken arm to show for it."

"What happened?" I asked. "Something knocked me out too."

"I saw that," Mr. Riggs sympathised. "Well, Louis, it was all a mistake. This gentleman—a pugilist named Cassidy—turned out to be a very decent sort. He called about an hour ago and said that he got out of his car with the friendliest of intentions when I took the initiative. He had my arms pinned to my sides, you may remember, and I was temporarily helpless. Eventually I managed to work his arms higher than my elbows. Then I bent my arms upward, clasped my hands on the back of his neck, fell to one knee and threw him over my head."

"Gosh! I bet Cassidy was surprised," I remarked.

"So was Mrs. Cassidy—the lady who had been driving," the boss said. "It appears that Mrs. Cassidy takes a very lively interest in her husband's professional reputation and his fistic career. In fact, she is always at the ringside, he assures me, to scream words of encouragement at her man and demand his opponent's scalp and as much of his torso as Mr. Cassidy can tear loose with the scalp.

"Mrs. Cassidy is a woman of mettle, Louis. There are women who are so timid that they will stand back aghast and not lift a finger while their mates are being torn to shreds. There are others who will ineffectually tap their husband's adversary over the head with an umbrella or a broom handle. But, Mrs. Cassidy is different. Anybody who licks her man has to lick her, too.

"Mrs. Cassidy—she was an O'Rourke—comes from a truculent line of tigresses who were never so happy as when stoning British soldiers or clubbing Dublin policemen. She likes to get in and mix things."

"Don't tell me she beat you up!" I gasped.

"She beat up both of us. After she knocked you out with one blow she leaped on me and bore me to the ground. Fortunately for her and oh, so unfortunately for me, she was armed with a wrench. It made an excellent substitute for a shillalah. To put it tersely, Louis, Mrs. Cassidy beat me till I was soft. And here I am."

"Aw, that was too bad," I said. "But you'll mend in a hurry and be just as good as you ever were. You'll have lots of time for a while to study your book and think up new holds and blows and pinches."

Mr. Riggs shook his head sadly. "No, Louis; I am going to give up jujitsu. I have found its weak spot—and a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. The trouble, Louis, is that you can't use the science on women—and there are nearly as many women drivers as men."

The boss reached over to a bedside table and held up a brand-new book. "I am going to take up a new study," he said. "It is called 'Tact, Your Strongest Weapon in Winning Over Your Fellow Man.'"

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Mrs. Riggs gave it to me," the boss said. "She's usually right."

NEVER BE IMPOLITE

was Mr. Howe's firm policy, and it helped him to find the murderer in

"POLITENESS"

by

WILL. F. JENKINS

NEXT WEEK

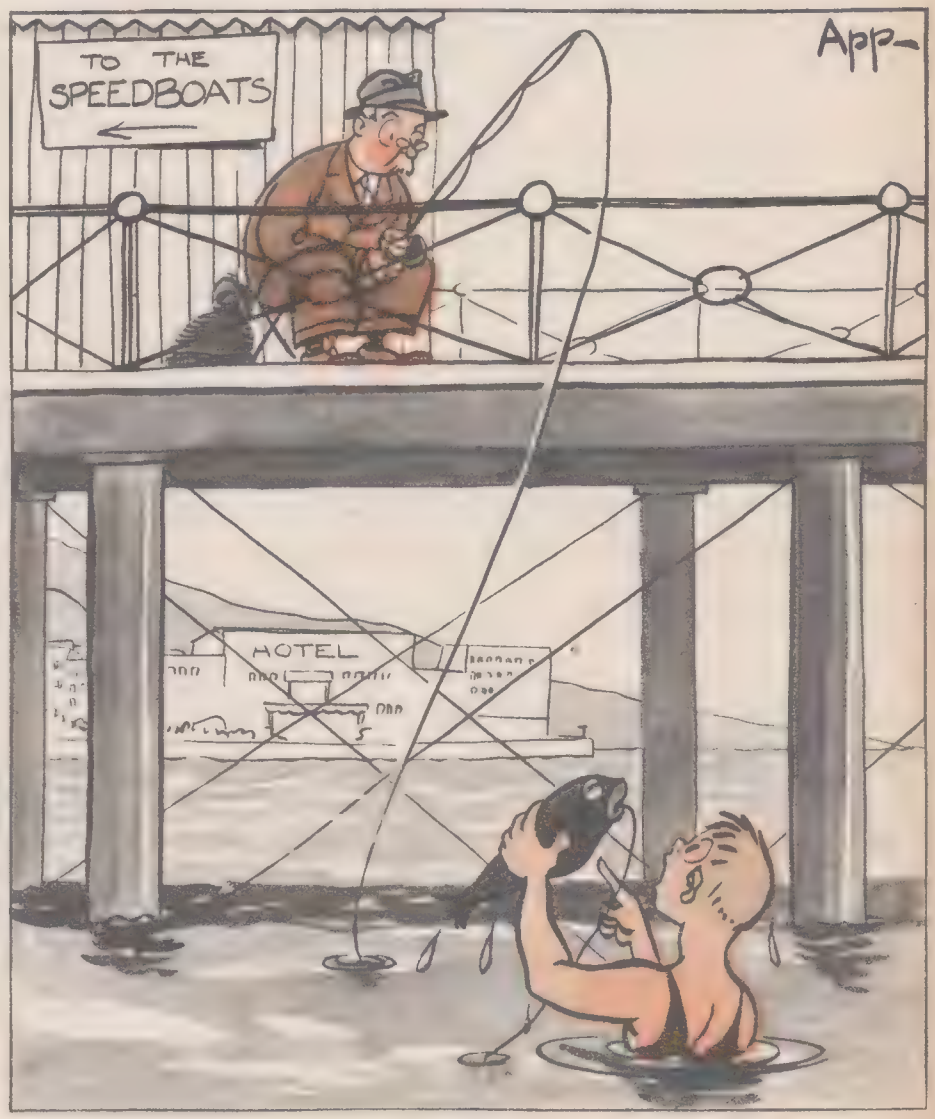
Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"No, thank you—I only wanted to make sure my hat was really exclusive!"

"You fool, you've opened the alarm clock."

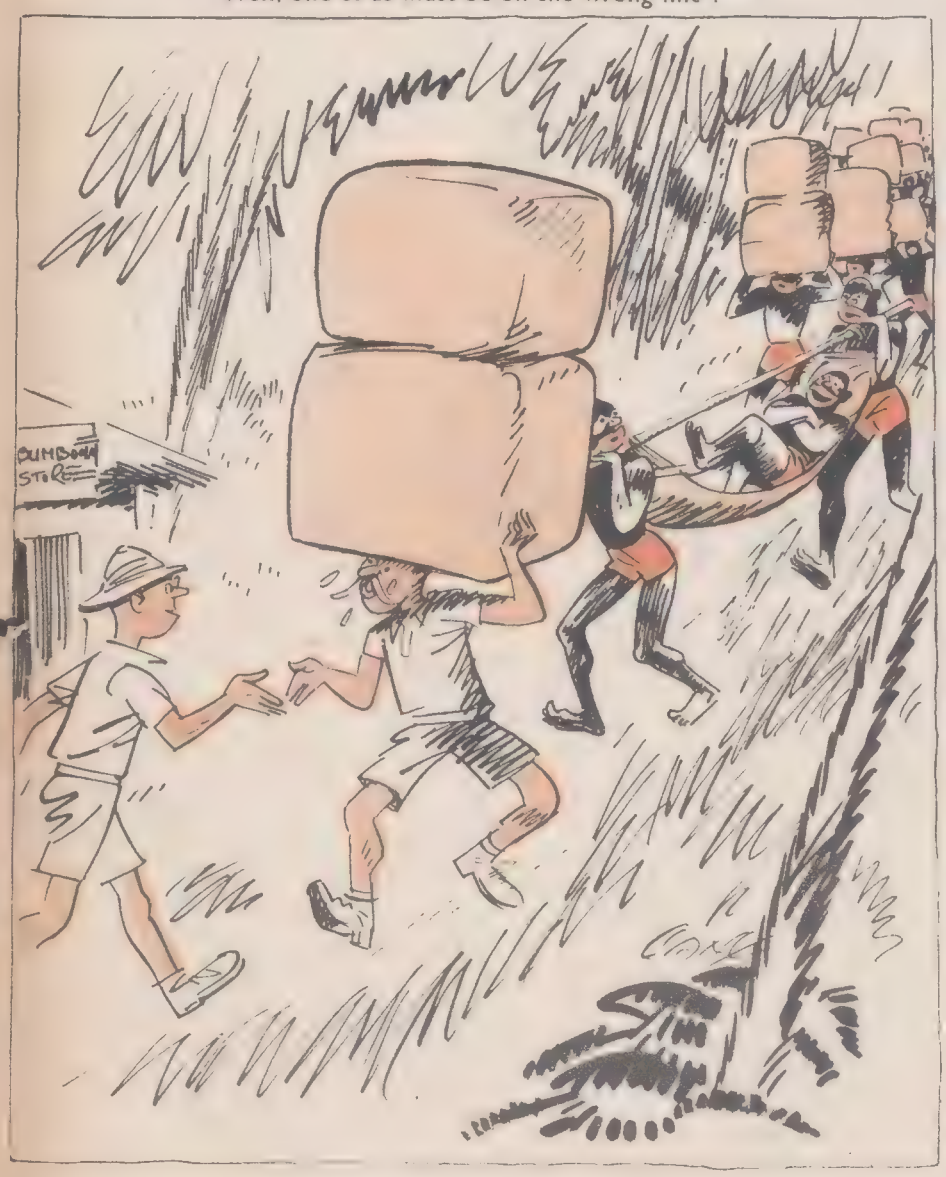
"Hang it, he's eloped with my daughter."



"Hey! you've caught a fish."

" Well, one of us must be on the wrong line ! "

" He's my youngest son—I'm breaking him in ! "



" One of my porters fell sick."

The wood-carver falls in love.

A MAN WAITS

by A. C. BARRETT

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

Wife: "Really, John, you are the shabbiest man in the whole town. Cannot you dress better?"

Husband: "No, I can't afford it."

Wife: "Why not?"

Husband: "Because you are the best-dressed woman in the town."

Humoristicke Listy, Prague.

Mistress: "Mary, have you put on the water for coffee?"

Maid: "Yes, ma'am."

Mistress: "I have altered my mind. Take that water off and put on water for tea."—*Borsszem Janko, Budapest.*

"I was introduced to your husband yesterday—a man of rare gifts."

"Yes, you are right. For the last five years he has not given me a single present."—*Der Lustige Sachse, Leipzig.*

Teacher: "Smith minor, what do two and two make?"

Smith minor: "A draw, sir."

Wochenschau, Essen.

"Is it my move, Charlie?"

Das Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfurt.

ENCOUNTER AT NOON

CAMEO STORY BY LYON MEARSON

"After twelve years," he went on, "and I still—"

THEY saw each other at just about the same time, and the recognition that danced into their eyes and bent up the corners of their mouths established the mood instantly. It was almost as though twelve years had been snatched away from them as a bandage is pulled away from the eyes, and there they were, together, where they had had moments together that no memory could obliterate. The crooked, colourful and slightly smelly streets of Greenwich Village had not changed a great deal, and Romany Gina's restaurant had not moved an inch nor changed a bit of the dirt on its windows.

"Why, Frank, what a neighbourhood to meet you in!" she said, and when she smiled he saw that the years had scarcely dealt with her at all.

"The same to you, Tess," said Frank, "and many of them. I didn't know you ever got down here any more . . . let's see, it must be about twelve years."

"What a memory!" she said. "Some women wouldn't like it. Do I still look as though I belonged down here?"

"As though you had never stirred from the Village," he said. "Twelve years . . . we had dinner right here at Romany Gina's, didn't we?"

"We did," she said. "I wonder how the old place looks now."

"We can find out," he said. "How about lunch?"

"Oh, Frank, you do say the most thrilling things!" she said. "I could eat . . ."

"You could also remember a thing or two, Tess," he said. "Things you may have forgotten."

Gina had no liquor license, but they were served cocktails just as they had been during prohibition.

"Wow!" said Frank, tasting his drink. "They still have the knack of making bad liquor seem worse here."

"You haven't changed a bit," said Tess. "You never drank one of Gina's cocktails without making a bitter complaint and you never passed up one of them." She looked him over carefully, her eyes thoughtful.

"How do I look to you, in these old haunts of ours?"

"Just like you used to look when you were cursing out the editors for not publishing the stuff you hadn't written yet," she said. "What are you doing in this part of town, anyway?"

He laughed. "It's a long cry from those days to the advertising business. Oh, I'm just calling on a client who is laid up."

He looked at her for a long moment.

"Do I pass?" she asked at length. He nodded.

"Marriage doesn't seem to have done anything to you except to make you lovelier," he said.

"Thanks," she said. "Those were fine brave days, though, weren't they, Frank?"

"They were beautiful . . . and far away," he said. "Don't you ever regret them, Tess?"

She looked out through the window for a long space. They had been young, younger than the eternal world, and there had been dreams that had had to be beaten out of shape to conform with the contour of reality.

She shook her head. "I never regret anything that is past, dear," she said, quietly.

He looked at her with those eyes that had always been so filled with flame when he saw her, and something of the old flame was in them for one brief instant. "Marriage has its uses, just as youth had. I'm not sorry for anything. It's been swell. But it does seem to me sometimes as though the young don't deserve to have youth, because they don't appreciate it."

They ate in silence for a few moments and then Tess said, "The food seems to have become worse here."

"Not at all," he said. "But we've become better."

"Would you say marriage did it?" she asked.

He nodded. "It's made both of us better, I guess." He leaned forward and placed his hands on her free one. "Imagine, after twelve years, and I still get a thrill when I just touch you."

She did not move. Her eyes closed for a moment.

"After twelve years," he went on, "and I still——"

"——adore me?" she put in. "Oh, Frank, you're so sweet. You always used to look at me just like that and say there's nothing in the world you wouldn't do for me."

"I would, too," he said.

"That's swell," she told him. "You can do one very important thing for me. You can come home to dinner on time to-night. You've been late the last three nights and a girl can't keep a cook in such circumstances."

How Professor Polland, the celebrated dermatologist of Graz University, Austria, prescribes for

BALDNESS

Professor Polland (above) explains in few words: 'Ninety per cent. of baldness is due to the scalp being starved of its natural food from the bloodstream. That is why I prescribe Silvikrin, because it is the hair's natural food, scientifically prepared for external application.'

The microscope slide Mr. Harris is examining is a section of the human scalp, showing the hair with its bulbous 'root' (which can come right out) and the true root, the fibrous growth underneath, which Silvikrin nourishes.

(Above) Mr. Harris whose advancing baldness was checked by the timely use of Silvikrin—see what a splendid head of hair he has now! He writes:

Cranebrook House,
Sumner Hill,
Near Lichfield, Staffs.

'I had a nervous breakdown 18 months ago which caused my hair to fall out very badly. I had bald patches. I was ashamed to pull my hat off. Then I saw your advertisement and I got a small bottle of Silvikrin. When I had used my third bottle my head had lost all its bald patches. Today, May 11th 1937, I have got a very good head of hair. Silvikrin is worth its weight in gold.'

(Signed) Joseph Harris.

Years of brilliant research work at last led Dr. Weidner, the celebrated biochemist, to the discovery of the fourteen separate organic elements that the bloodstream should supply to the hair root. These fourteen he compounded in Nature's exact proportions, in Silvikrin. Silvikrin, then, is Nature's own hair food, and *if the root is still alive Silvikrin will make hair grow.* Dandruff disappears, hair stops falling, and new hair grows on bald patches—as hundreds of hair specialists, *and hundreds of thousands of sufferers, have proved.* Look up what *you* need in the table on the right — and get your Silvikrin *to-day!*

WHAT YOU NEED:

SILVIKRIN LOTION for your daily hair-dressing to protect you from dandruff and falling hair, to keep the scalp healthy and the hair vigorous, lustrous, and well groomed. If you still possess a healthy head of hair, the regular use of Silvikrin Lotion will maintain it in perfect condition. Bottles, 1/6, 3/6, 8/-.

PURE SILVIKRIN, the concentrated natural hair food in cases of severe dandruff, heavy loss of hair, thinning hair, bald patches and threatening baldness. 6/-, sufficient for one month. *From chemists, hairdressers and stores.*

Silvikrin DOES GROW HAIR

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DOWN

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Hands across the counter — bringing good cheer to the 'more bites for 2d.' league! Are *you* a member? You *can* be—by simply buying your chocolates in a new way that gives better selection and better value.

Here's how you go about it. *Just buy your chocolates in the form of Cadburys Filled Blocks.* Simple enough, eh? *And* there are *three* big advantages. *One,* you need only spend 2d. *Two,* you choose your own pet centre. *Three,* you get amazing value. There are eight sections in Cadburys Filled Blocks—that's eight delicious soft-centre chocolates for only 2d. Or putting it another way, 2 full ounces for 2d.—only 4d. a quarter pound!

Whatever your favourite soft-centre is you'll find it in the delightful Filled Block range. Take your choice from Marzipan, Caramello—ask to see the whole twelve flavour-favourites. They are making more mouths water every day, and they are much too good to go on missing.

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24 CHOCOLATES FOR 6D

2oz 2D

Marzipan, Caramello, Turkish Delight, Milk Coffee Truffle and every other favourite flavour.

CADBURY FILLED BLOCKS

The ragged adventurer fired towards them and shot again as the flash revealed the charging figure —Hamsi thereupon ceased to be the leader of a Holy War

THE DEVIL COMES ABOARD

BY DOUGLAS NEWTON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. C. MICHAEL

VENGEANCE for impiety to the dead struck at the *Allah-Din*. The freshening wind stiffened to a gale. Savaran, indeed, had expected it to oblige: Heaven naturally favoured master minds.

It was not a bad gale, but bad enough for the leaky old tramp, and it seemed worse in the memory of those jettisoned coffins. The crew shivered and whimpered under it, neglecting work to stand about in huddled and frightened groups. Hamsi improved the hour. Shaitan, he told them, was still aboard and determined to garner their souls to the hot-plates of Eblis.

Vast clouds unrolled from the grim desert, dim and distant on their quarter. They advanced like an army of demons summoned to the slaughter by their master. The old ship began to labour badly and to take seas aboard. From the bridge came the shout of the officer of the watch ordering the hands to batten everything down.

Even as he shouted, the first blinding flash of tropic lightning came and Hamsi screamed that the legions of Hell had come aboard and that to work a ship so evil was a sin against Heaven. The crew, with crawling panic in their hearts, listened to him rather than the officer, and he had to go down among them with knuckle-dusters on his fists. However, the display of knives that met him was so unanimous that he scuttled back to the bridge, calling the captain.

The captain appeared, only to hear the mad voice of Hamsi exhorting the increasingly willing crew to storm aft and throw the accursed whites—especially the woman—and those who protected them into the sea. To the mind of Hamsi that was the only possible way of saving themselves from the devil—and the crew were inclined to think there was a lot in it.

The captain, his nerves never good, began to lose what he had of them. He doubled back into his cabin for his revolver, found it gone, and cracked completely. When the Kadi el Sifr arrived to learn the reason for the rumpus, he found him grovelling on his knees between prayers and packing a bag. Even as the Kadi toed him well and truly in the pants, he yelped that it was undeniable that Satan had taken over his command and it was time for him to leave.

The Kadi left him scabbling for his best celluloid collar and reached the bridge just as the men began to pour bridgeward in a body. Whatever else he was, Jilbis el Sifr knew how to save his own skin. His pistol came out and he fired into the pack. He hit nobody because of the kicking of the ship, but the crew checked. He fired again as Euan Amory and Terry ran to join him.

He shouted at them to shoot into the brown, and, if possible, fill the mouthing Hamsi with lead. He loosed again as he shouted and again missed. He was a willing-enough murderer, but the ship wouldn't help him.

Euan Amory made the mistake of being the perfect gentleman.

"Don't be a fool. No need to kill," he shouted. "Fire above their heads, Terry."

The three pistols spat viciously together. Once again the ship made the Kadi's shot as harmless as the others. Yet the massed firing had its effect.

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

SAVARAN, that lean, eagle-eyed adventurer, the Whip of Kings and the Fear of Rogues, has come to Kjweli, disguised as a beggar, to settle an old account with the magistrate

KADI JILBIS EL SIFR, merchant in money, intrigue, arms, slaves, drugs and such assorted dirt. He nears the magistrate's house just in time to rescue from a mob of natives

MIRIAM PASTON, a beautiful, courageous English girl who is with her brother,

TERRY PASTON, young, public school and very innocent of the way of rogues, and their friend and fellow-traveller

CAPTAIN EUAN AMORY. The three of them are in Kjweli to fit out an expedition to the hinterland. Savaran pursues one of the natives to recover Miriam's stolen bag and finds in it a map revealing the route of the expedition. He makes his way back to El Sifr's house to restore the bag but the magistrate is prepared and has him arrested and flung in gaol. Learning that the girl and her companions are sailing the next morning, Savaran successfully contrives to escape and board the ship by hiding in a coffin, one of a consignment that is being transported on the same boat. That night, prowling around the cook's galley for food, he encounters one of the crew whom he overpowers and ties up. The Pastons, discussing their plans with El Sifr next morning are interrupted by the captain with the news of the discovery of the tied-up man and things seem to be going badly when the captain and crew suggest that it is the Devil himself whom the white woman has brought aboard and they threaten to throw Miriam overboard. But El Sifr, guessing it is Savaran, has all the coffins thrown overboard.

The men bolted in a body to the fo'c'sle, slamming its iron door against the shooting. Not even Hamsi's fanatic declaration that Allah had plainly made them invulnerable against infidel bullets could induce them to go out and fight—but they remembered his words.

Things grew progressively unpleasant. With no man to steer, the *Allah-Din* yawed and took such a pounding from the seas that, for a minute or two, it seemed as though her decrepit hulk would sink under the weight of water that flooded her decks.

Even when the second officer sprang to the wheel and got her head round, it was too late to escape the next disaster. Her fiddleys being open in that tropic heat, a lavish proportion of the seas that came aboard had dropped like cataracts on to the men in the engine and boiler rooms. They, too, knew of the presence of Shaitan. They, too, saw that this must be the wrath of Heaven overtaking them. They downed tools to a man and fled to the deck. A steward cowering in an alleyway gave the news of the shooting. They also dived for their quarters and shut themselves in.

The ship was abandoned. She had only just enough way on her while her engines continued running, to keep her head to the seas. True, the gale looked like blowing itself out, even though the lightning never ceased its terrifying fireworks, but even then the *Allah-Din* was in a bad way, for the drift was carrying her steadily towards the shore.

Three officers only were left, the mate, the second mate and the chief engineer, who had rushed to the bridge for information. Euan Amory persuaded the Kadi to get the second officer to take over the stoking while the chief managed the controls. Euan, Terry, and even Miriam, having had plenty of yachting experience, took the wheel in turn, while watching the decks for hostile movements when not steering.

They had no other help. The Kadi el Sifr, indeed, only by luck prevented the captain deserting the ship. The terrified man had actually swung out, by its patent davits, one of the two boats on the deck behind his cabin (fortunately not Savaran's), and even when the Kadi discovered him, screamed to be allowed to escape while his soul was yet undamned for eternity.

He even urged El Sifr to join him, saying that they could sail with no great danger up the coast to Nkenje, reaching it in a day or so, and from there it should be easy to get a motor car to Bamikano.

"By the Eye, risk my body in that thimble! And when we still have a ship under us," the Kadi shivered. "And why, even at the worst, when we could reach good, solid land over there."

His hand pointed to the desert, and the captain wailed:

"You cannot land there. It is the Ibi-Iberi desert, the home of famine, thirst and barbarians. They are killers and cannibals. It would be death to attempt it."

Savaran lying snug in his boat heard the words, screamed as they were above the gale. His face grew genially savage. The captain had spoken the truth. The Ibi-Iberi nation were as dangerous as their land, and as little touched by civilisation. Nevertheless, having noted their proximity on the chart, Savaran had decided to risk landing there. There were distinct advantages in it and, after all, he, Savaran, had mastered more deadly tribes.

The Kadi Jilbis el Sifr found the prospect less alluring. He gripped the squirming captain by the collar and ran him back to his cabin, where he shackled him with his own irons to his bed.

Meanwhile, the gale abating with the abrupt fickleness of the tropics, the seas slackened. Though the scowling clouds hung low over them, loosing every now and then a brilliant flare of lightning, conditions became so much easier that the Kadi told Miriam:

"This scum forward will grow more sensible now things are calmer. Presently they will be hungry, so they will come to us for food and we can knock some sense into them. Everything after that will be so nice, you shall see."

There were flaws in his optimism. One was Hamsi, the other Savaran, and even Savaran had not taken enough account of the effect of Hamsi upon the minds of frightened Mohammedan crooks.

For hours Hamsi had been working on the crew with a Mad Mullah fervour, and hunger increased his, and their savagery. When Miriam began to cook an evening meal for the afterguard, the smell of it was wafted into the fo'c'sle, and the rage of the True Believers against these satellites of Satan, who could eat luxuriously while conveying them to Hell, became ravening. Deckhands and stokers united as one wolf in a vow of death to infidels.

They chose their moment of attack when storm clouds and night made an Egyptian darkness on the waters. They crept aft stealthily, knives and iron bars in their hands, murder in their hearts. Only a flash of lightning saved a massacre. Terry, on the bridge with the mate, got a glimpse of the men as they reached the top of the ladder. He fired and jumped for the chart room, where the others were taking their meal. The mate followed, slamming the door.

In a moment the bridge deck was swarming with yelling men, battering at the doors, thrusting through the portholes as they strove to kill. Terry got a knife slice on the scalp as he wrestled with one porthole. Miriam behind him fired her revolver and drove the seamen off. As they shut the porthole they heard the Kadi's pistol yammering at another, then his howl of rage when he found he had fired his last cartridge. Terry ran to him and got his porthole shut.

They heard Euan Amory's pistol snapping in the captain's cabin behind, and went to his aid. They found him shooting into a mass of men who had flung open the door. They fired and drove the sailors back, though Euan was nearly spitted by a thrown knife as he heaved outside the bodies of two men who had fallen across the sill.

The mate had managed to get the remaining portholes shut and was demanding a gun so that he might sell his life dearly. Nobody had one to give him. The captain, crawling with fear, was pointing to the tell-tale compass above his bunk, and screaming to be released.

"Unlock me! For the love of Allah, free me. The ship is out of control. See, she drifts towards the coast, we shall all be drowned."

The Kadi came flinging in from the chart-house.

"Cartridges," he bellowed. "Quick, give me cartridges. They are breaking in the bridge door with axes. Cartridges, or we shall never beat the jackals off."

It was then that they realised there were no cartridges. The captain told how all his had been stolen. The rest of them cut off from their cabins, had only those left in their weapons, except the Kadi, who had fired all his. Only Euan Amory, the soldier, had a spare clip, but that fitted only his pistol, not El Sifr's. They were practically unarmed against half a hundred frenzied men.

"Why did you not let me escape in my boat," the captain snivelled. "Now—it is death."

They heard the axes thudding into the chart-house door, the splintering of its wood. They felt he had spoken the truth.

Savaran had left the shelter of his boat a bare minute before the attack had started, choosing the moment of maximum darkness as the crew had.

He slipped down to the main deck, working his way forward, for his plan was to make himself master of the ship by bolting the crew into their quarters before dealing with the officers. For once his generalship went amiss. Cunning carried him unseen almost to the fo'c'sle, when the flare of lightning followed by Terry's shot warned him what had happened.

Like a cat he turned in his tracks, his long legs rushing him back to the bridge. Like a darting spider he went up the companion so swiftly that his shoulders sent two laggard sailors flying in the dark. They cursed him, asking what was his hurry, since they had the infidels at their mercy.

"There are more juicy souls to be carried to hell first," he said with Mephistophelian gusto, and laughed aloud as he heard their yelps of fear. As they cried out that Shaitan had returned, he dived through the darkness, leapt for the top of the charthouse, hauling himself on to its roof. Dropping flat he wriggled forward until he could look over its edge on to the bridge.

Beneath was a confused mob of men beating in the door, they were already cheering in triumph. His hands flew to his lank hair, twisting it away from his temples in two horns; then he made a lightning grab at his pistols—the door had gone down with a crash.

A voice bellowed: "Stand back while they shoot, then rush."

"Why tarry when I am here to gather you *all* to the burning?" Savaran bawled downward, and from his lean hands the most terrible pistols in Africa began to speak.

In the blaze of his firing they saw the horned face looming over them, just as the men he had jostled arrived screaming that the Evil One himself was here. A most appropriate lightning flash left no doubt of his Lucifer glee. Yelping: "Shaitan! Shaitan is among us!" the crew broke and ran.

Savaran dropped like a great bird on to the bridge, the whip-lash of his pistols speeding the rout. He shoved his head through the door, shouting:

"Out all of you! Knock hell into the scum while they're on the run."

A gross shadow filled the door, a voice cried: "Who gives El Sifr orders?" Then screeching "Savarani!" the Kadi el Sifr stabbed wildly with his dagger. The lean adventurer felt steel rip through the breast of his robe as he backed, but with amazing promptitude his foot rose to the vast belly and kicked. As the Kadi el Sifr went from sight, Savaran shouted again:

(*please turn over*)

The lean man laughed in his face. "Up!" Terry shouted. "Damn quick, or I won't be answerable!"

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"Soldier, you'll at least have sense—come to me. The girl and one other hold the bridge. Jump lively, now."

Euan came out quickly, Terry joining him with a rush.

"Stand on the bridge deck, aft," Savaran snapped at the latter. "Shoot at anything. I want them driven below." As he moved to the companion with Euan, Terry followed. "I gave an order," he spat at the boy.

"To hell," Terry jeered. "I'm not missing any fun—I come too!"

"So," the eagle face glared within six inches of the boy's. "Well, remember—when Savaran orders he is obeyed."

A piston-stem of an arm rose and laid Terry flat on his back.

"Get sense into him when he comes round," the fiery fellow snapped at Miriam Paston, who had just appeared. "And hold this bridge like Horatius. You have a pistol?"

"With three shots only. My brother has none," the girl's voice came, surprisingly unflurried.

"Here's one of mine and an extra clip. It will be enough. I, Savaran, will see to the rest. Has that soldier gone?"

"I'm ready. And you?" Euan Amory was reluctant to leave the bridge until this bizarre fellow was off it.

"I am among them now," Savaran cried, and they gasped as his spindly figure went clean over the rail, vaulting to the well-deck below.

Miriam cried out at the utter recklessness of that long drop. Savaran hoped she would—he never could resist an effective gesture. Especially now, when he knew that there was a cargo of hides piled up in the right place to break his fall. Also, that the uncanny swiftness of his popping up among them would further convince the panicky crew of his diabolical gifts.

In that, his dramatics had most startling reactions. The men having pulled themselves up after their first stampede, hesitated in a bunch just by the hides. Then, as Hamsi's frenzied exhortations lashed them, they turned, faced the bridge, were ready to rush again. The lightning flared. And there—right among them, having made a flight from the bridge only possible to spirits, was Lucifer. No mistaking that terrible outline against the blaze of white light, the lanky legs straggled, the spider arms outflung in menace—the hair streaming like horns.

With a howl of final despair, the crew dived for the fo'c'sle once more, leaving only Hamsi to dare the fiend. Flourishing a great iron bar, he ran at the apparition, shouting frenziedly that all were to see and take heart at the way heaven protected the True Believer against the Powers of Darkness.

His shouts killed him. The ragged adventurer fired towards them and shot again as the flash revealed the charging figure—Hamsi thereupon ceased to be the leader of a Holy War.

Savaran collected Euan Amory as he came aft from bolting the fo'c'sle. He also gave the cavalryman a lesson in practical war by bolting the various hatches Euan had overlooked.

"An efficient officer should never leave such details to chance," he said, in his large and arrogant way.

"I'm a soldier, I don't know ships," Euan said stiffly.

"I am Savaran, I know everything," the lean man said, affably, "after one survey. It is the mark of first-rate minds."

A dying moon was beginning to show through the ragged banners of the storm. The sulky Terry, recognising them by its light, bristling, let them climb to the bridge. As they crossed the little deck to the cabin and chart house, Savaran's quick eye noted a deficiency, and he shot a glance at his companions, but they were unobservant. At the sound of their voices Miriam came aft to them, leaving the mate to watch forward. At the sight of her, Savaran could not forgo a gesture.

"It is finished," he said, loftily. "I have bolted the crew below. The deck is safe. I, Savaran, command the situation."

Terry snarled at his high-handedness, Euan Amory more tactfully, but none the less resentfully, demanded acidly:

"Does that help much? The engines have stopped."

"And will remain stopped," Terry snapped. "The chief engineer came up just now—wounded. He says the blighters shot the second mate while he was stoking."

"That makes the ship helpless," Euan Amory went on. "The captain said we must go ashore with this drift. What then?"

"Why—then we go ashore," the lean man chuckled. "It is an excellent beach according to the chart, and we should suffer no hurt—if we do it in our own way."

"Go aground be damned," Terry raged at his cool manner. "We'll soon stop that."

"Do you dive in and push us back to sea—or merely tow us?" Savaran asked, politely.

"There'll be a way. I'll ask the captain."

"Do," the lean man chuckled, and as the boy ran to the cabin. "Ask our brother the Kadi to join us in conference, too."

"El Sifr!" Euan Amory said, with a sudden anxiety. "What's become of him?"

"He's with the captain, naturally," Savaran grinned, for Terry was bursting from the cabin in headlong fashion.

"He's gone!" he shouted. "No sign of him or El Sifr."

"Impossible!" Euan Amory cried.

"Not at all," Savaran said, with bitter relish. "They left in the lee lifeboat. If you had any sort of eyes in your head you would have noted it had gone."

They all swung to where the black gap in the rail and the swinging ropes of the patent davit told of a lowered boat.

"Ratted!" Terry shouted.

"Much cleverer than that," Savaran pointed out. "El Sifr has stolen a march on you. With the aid of the captain he will reach Nkenje in a day or two. From there he can get a motor to Bamikano. Within a week, he will have organised his lorry caravan and started for the point marked 'X' on your map. Not that time will bother him. He'll be quite sure that even if you escape with your lives—which he doubts—you'll be marooned for months in the Ibi-Iberi over there. You'll even find he's stolen your map."

"Yes, the captain's safe *is* open and all the papers gone—the lousy sweeps," began the furious boy, but Euan Amory snapped:

"Shut up, Terry . . . Well, what do you make of this, my man?"

"My last rank was Major-General," Savaran said, with that ferocity that always came when his strange, raw pride was stung. "You will remember the difference in our rank when you address me, Captain."

"I heard it was King," Miriam Paston said, in a tone which left him wondering if it were respect or mockery. "But the ship drifts on shore, Major-General, and we are still to learn if we are to drown."

"Didn't I mention that an alternative was being killed and eaten," he retorted, acridly. "The Ibi-Iberi are quite celebrated cannibals."

"Do I wail in fear, or cry: 'But you, Savaran, can save us'?" the girl shrugged.

"No, you were not born to wail," he said, with that flashing unexpectedness that was his charm. "That is why I decided to come along when I saw it was impossible to open your eyes to El Sifr's natural rottenness, the reason, also, I decided to put this sea hearse ashore here."

"*You* decided," Euan Amory gulped.

"Nature, I am willing to admit, did her bit but you must agree my 'haunting' was the master note."

"You stand there and—and tell us that you deliberately panicked the crew to wreck us?" Terry spluttered.

"With pride," the bizarre fellow grinned.

"Of all the damnable neck——"

"Say throat, Terry. Yours is quite a handsome one, it seemed a shame to have it slit, if not, perhaps, really important. It was the prospect for your sister's quite adorable one that really outraged my sense of values," the gipsy man mocked.

"You think El Sifr would have done that?" the girl demanded.

"No. I know. Though he might have sold you into a harem, of course. Greed so often gets the better of that fat slug's discretion."

"But what about this Ibi-Iberi Desert," Euan Amory asked, hoarsely. "What are our chances there?"

"Early burial—if left to yourselves. But with me and our lorries, quite reasonably good."

"Can we land them on the open beach? The crew will take some coercing, and if the natives are hostile. . . ." Euan frowned.

"Leave the crew—and the natives—to Savaran. A bad lot, both, but I have broken worse. The crew will fight for me anyhow, if it is only to save themselves from the pot."

"And us?" asked Euan Amory, tersely.

"That includes you," the adventurer said calmly. "I think with proper handling you might even become useful."

"Darn you!" stormed Terry. "This is *our* expedition!"

"*Was*," the lean man said, with a deadly smoothness. "But, abhorring incompetence, a higher power has now taken over."

"Well, we land and master the Ibi-Iberi—and what then?" Miriam said swiftly, knowing that the others were on the verge of an explosion.

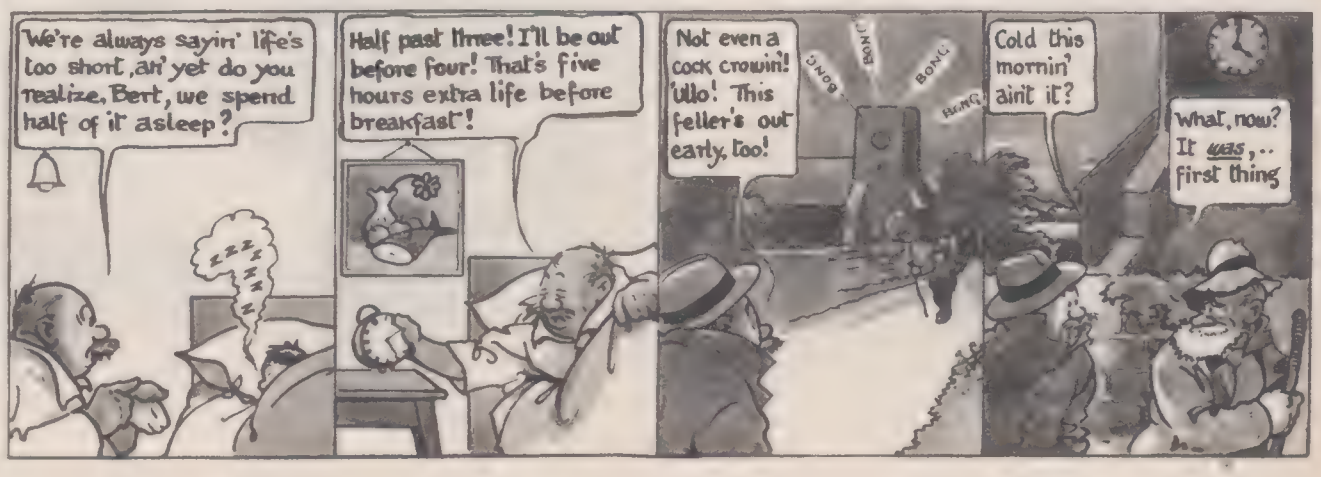
"Then we head for the Great Sand. We are actually on a closer and better line than we would be starting from Yirate. We should, in fact, reach the point marked 'X' on the map well ahead of El Sifr."

"The point marked 'X,'" Terry shouted. "You thief. You copied our map when you stole it."

"No need. A glance was all a man of my calibre needed to recognise his opportunity."

"A glance! Is that all?" Euan Amory said thickly. "That won't help much, since the map has been stolen from the safe."

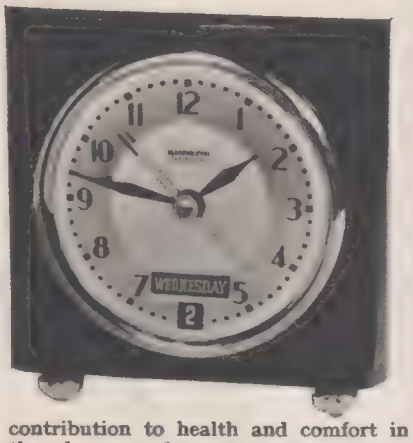
OLD BILL AND BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



Wednesday, November 2nd

Note this date because it is the opening day of Woman's Fair at Olympia and the electricity exhibit, organised by the Electrical Development Association in co-operation with 23 well-known concerns, will be the biggest show of electrical appliances and gadgets ever seen in this country.

One of the many novelties on view will be the all-electric clock-cum-calendar shown here. But there will be something for every home—from small flat to mansion.



For the flat dweller, for instance, the latest thing is a remarkable cooker only 20½ inches high which will cook a meal for six people and consume only 2½ units of electricity.

There will be neat water heaters and baby refrigerators, too.

For houses of all sizes there will be de luxe models of streamlined cookers, washing up machines and refrigerators, coloured to match any scheme.

Air conditioning is electricity's latest contribution to health and comfort in the home and many types will be on show. Air conditioners are great labour-savers.

Refrigeration will play an important part in the electrical display.

"Another reason for your being thankful for my interest. With Savaran, to glance is to memorize." Terry snorted, Euan Amory smirked—and then gaped. Coolly and without a falter, the amazing creature recited in order every landmark and mileage figure set down on the map between Yirate and the point 'X.' Terry gaped and grew scared, Euan Amory could only listen to the feat with awestruck astonishment. It was Miriam who said coldly:

"So that is the reason for your interest. You thought there would be plunder and you meant to have it."

"But, of course," the bold laugh came. "What El Sifr meant to steal, I can steal better. Also, there was a reason for making him pay."

"Anything else."

"The most important reason of all. You are very beautiful, and Savaran . . ."

That was the last straw, Terry whipped out his pistol and in a voice choked with rage, snarled: "That's enough, you sweep. We'll put you in your proper place from now on. Up with your hands, or I drill you as you stand."

The lean man laughed in his face. And did not lift a finger.

"Up!" Terry shouted. "Damn quick, or I won't be answerable."

"You'd shoot me with my own pistol, the one I actually gave you to save your own life and that of your sister," Savaran mocked.

The boy glared into the bird-bright eyes, dropped his own, muttered: "Well, damn it all. You shouldn't——" Even as he lowered his guard, the steel-wire hand had the weapon away in a swift twist.

"The old-school-tie code. It always works," he jeered.

"Not always," Euan Amory's voice came grimly. "Don't move. I'm a soldier, and——" His threat ended in a startled oath.

"Yes, I thought of *that*, too," the gipsy lucifer said easily. "I slipped your pistol from your hip as we came up the companion."

They stood glaring at him, furious, but utterly beaten. And Savaran, tall, spare and arrogant, seemed to grow even taller as he quite brazenly enjoyed the triumph of himself.

"And now, having satisfied the heroics of the moment, we can get down to plain work," he said, at last. "You, Terry, go to the fo'c'sle head and stand by ready to knock out the shackles and let go the anchor when I order. You, Captain Amory, into the well-deck and make sure those jackals don't break out of their quarters."

"Do I plug them all on the jaw with my bare hands?" he sneered.

"Here's El Sifr's automatic," Savaran said, fetching it from the boat he had hidden in. "And his supply of cartridges." He chuckled as the soldier blinked. "Yes, this is your great chance to shoot me through the midriff, but you will undoubtedly drown without my peculiar skill—also, I might mention that I am the best pistol shot in Africa. Now, to your stations. The coast is already too close."

Glancing over the rail they were horrified to see the cream of the breakers so dangerously near, and hurried off. Miriam Paston said evenly: "And what odd job do you order for me?"

"Stop wondering whether the two cartridges in your revolver are enough to finish me, and come and admire a master craftsman at his work," he said, with a magnificent flare of teeth. "A beautiful woman always inspires me."

As even Miriam Paston's cold beauty flared at that, and her hand swept up to the bulge in her blouse, he turned an utterly unconcerned back on her and went to the bridge. The girl hung, angry and indecisive for a moment, and then with an odd little frown of fear and surrender followed him.

Savaran had boasted, but as ever, he made his boasts good. Standing like some wild and alert bird at the rail, his quick, snapped orders to the mate at the wheel used the drift to bring the helpless ship almost miraculously towards the beach. With an audacity that sent their hearts into their mouths, he conned her round a reef of ugly rocks that seemed to be foaming in their eagerness to get them. An order brought the ship gently round, and in the smooth water under the reef, she sidled slowly towards the sand.

Then the anchor splashed home, and with a checking and release of the chain, the *Allah-Din* was squared to the beach, touched softly the whole of her length, lifted on the swell, grounded more heavily, heeled over—and was still. She was safely and neatly aground. Even Miriam could not refrain from crying: "Oh, splendid!"

"As sweet as a lassie's kiss," he smiled, and the bold look of his eyes stung colour to her cheeks. Yet before she could freeze him: "But that is only the beginning of Savaran—look!"

He pointed to the sand dunes behind the beach. Silhouetted in the growing dawn were a number of tall black men, as naked as nature. They stood watching the ship like carven things, their long stabbing spears, the tufts of war feathers and their shields making them statues of dire menace. In her heart grew a cold terror.

"Under the carpet of the captain's cabin you will find a trapdoor," Savaran said, affably. "It opens into the ship's armoury. Bring all the weapons and cartridges you find here."

He left the bridge, went forward, flung open the fo'c'sle.

"Have you seen through your portholes what awaits you ashore?" he shouted.

"Allah defend us, yes," voices wailed. "It is the Ibi-Iberi. It is death."

"Massacre!" he corrected, zestfully. "Slow torture for prisoners, the pot for all. Only, I, Savaran, can save you. Do you fight under me—or die?"

"Zavarani! It is Zavarani!" mumbled a score of voices, then a roar. "Zavarani, you can save us. We will fight if you lead."

"It is well—come out one by one and get your arms."

NEXT WEEK:

Savaran In Charge

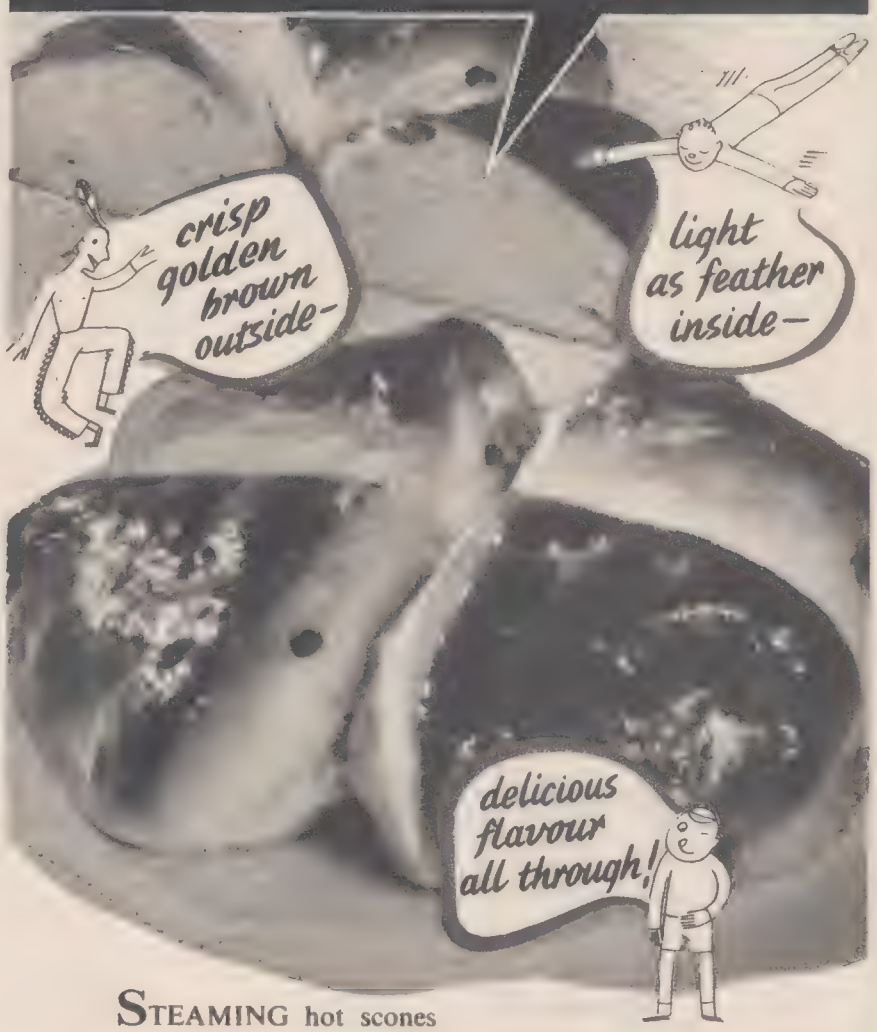
Some phrases seldom ring true

"Keep your hair on"

but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Stork makes such perfect scones!



STEAMING hot scones thickly spread with creamy Stork—that's the sort of tea to give a hungry family! Serve them at lunch time with summer salads, and bake them small to go with fish dishes for supper. With Stork in your mixing bowl they're made in a minute—light and delicious every time! And Stork's grand for tea-cakes with currants in them, for wheatmeal scones, drop scones, and scones made with sour milk. You'll find directions for all these, and for making hot breakfast rolls, as well as every sort of cake, pastry and pudding, in the wonderful Stork cookery book, THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO HOME COOKING, that The Stork Company is giving away *absolutely free.*

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JS 239-71

WINTER—yes, winter—fashions are now being shown by most of the well-known Parisian houses. While we've been sunbathing (those of us who were lucky enough to find any sun), the French dress designers have been in huddles over furs which will both look and keep us warm.

Actually, a quite surprising number of influences are discernable in the new winter collections being shown by the famous *grand couturiers* in their Paris salons.

Outstanding are the Spanish influence, shown for example in a group of Spanish frocks in the *Paquin* collection, and developed in velvet and brocade; the Persian influence, noted in delightful, one-piece, afternoon frocks of Persian brocade, which button from a very narrow band-collar to a normal waistline and then flare out slightly in the long coat, several of which are seen in the *Lanvin* collection; the Scottish influence, due to Queen Elizabeth's ancestry, particularly noticeable in sports clothes such as plaid, swing-back top-coats, shown by *Creed*, and Glengarry bonnets trimmed with eagle feathers in the *Erik* collection.

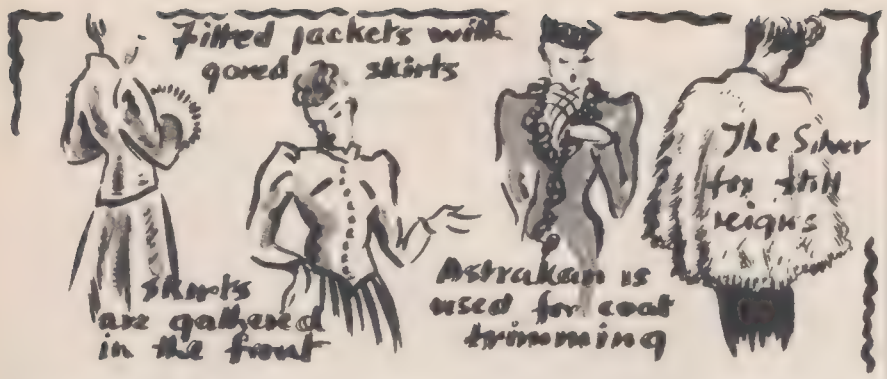
And not least is the late 1900 spirit, or "soda-water-bottle" silhouette, with pinched waists and mutton sleeves, used by *Jacques Heim* for dinner and evening dresses.

It's rather difficult to give a rule for the silhouette for the coming season. In general the waist-line is well marked for a slimming effect. *Gaston*, on the one hand, emphasises a forward movement in dresses, the back following the figure closely while the fullness is thrown to the front by shirring, draping or pleating, using apron fronts, attached or semi-attached, for both day and evening. But *Molyneux* gathers the fullness to the back in day clothes, and his snug suit-jackets are worn with gored flared skirts.

Lace looks like holding its own for evening wear. *Worth* shows a charming model called "Premiere Valse" of black, self-embroidered tulle over silver lamé; *Mainbocher* uses vaporous, sheer, new tulle called "Angel's Breath."

There are many other lovely materials shown, however, and velvets of all types, some matt and some brilliant.

Lamés, too, are favoured. *Callot Soeurs* uses a coppery lamé changing to green in a sculptured gown to drape the figure for the evening; *Patou* uses shiny satin for two-piece dresses; *Lucien Lelong* has a range of brocaded silks of exquisite colour and design; *Le Corre* embroiders



blue jersey with blue stones; and *Lanvin* carries out tea-gowns and short afternoon frocks in bright lamés and brocades.

Fox is still a fast favourite. It appears in even greater luxury than in past seasons, but to the still extremely popular silver fox must be added red fox, dove-grey, and steel-blue fox and a good range of flat furs, too. *Jane Regny* favours astrakhan for coat trimming, *Gaston* trims dark-grey coats with dove-grey fox. *Mainbocher* favours new platinum and a new beige fox and *Paquin* uses beaver, seal, broadtail and Persian lamb.

Colour is always richer in the winter than in summer collections, in the attempt, I suppose, to lend warmth and brightness to cold, dull months. This year, violet is very good, being used by *Molyneux* in combinations. For instance, he puts a parma-violet jacket with a deeper violet skirt. *Marcel Rochas*, always daring in his use of colour combinations, shows blouses of gathered horizontal bands of vari-coloured silks strapped with gold lamé, with long Renaissance sleeves of gold.

Mainbocher has named his four favourite colours for the season "Cherub pink, dream mauve, party red and immodest violet."

So now you know!

★ A month or so ago, I went to dinner with some friends of mine who had just moved to a new house. For years they had lived right in the depths of Dartmoor. One of the reasons for their moving was the difficulty of getting any sort of staff to stay with them for any length of time so far in the country. They had managed to find, however, a cook who had been with them for nearly a year and they have persuaded her to come along with them.

Well, when I arrived at their new house my friend greeted me with: "Goodness knows what you'll get for dinner; Ethel does nothing but bemoan the fact that she ever left her cooker in Dartmoor!" And I must admit that the meal Ethel produced was certainly not nearly up to the standard of her cooking which I had tasted before.

Then last week I went to dinner again with these same friends and, my! what a dinner. I couldn't help saying: "So Ethel's got used to the new method." But I was wrong. Ethel had got another boiler and cooker exactly the same as the one she had left in Devon. There had been such a fuss about this cooker that I asked to see it and it certainly was something worth looking at.

Firstly it is most economical. Each cooker is guaranteed not to use more than a fixed quantity of fuel during the year, according, of course, to the type and size. The fuel consumption varies from 2 tons to 3 tons a year, and the cooker only required fuelling once a day.

Cooking by one of these boilers is simple and the food produced is perfect. There is no waiting, for it is always ready for cooking. For instance, a two-pint kettle will boil in two minutes. There are two ovens which are always at a constant heat and over- or under-stoking makes no difference. The whole of these ovens can be used, for there is no point in the oven where the temperature is either too hot or too cold for perfect cooking. One oven is specially for roasting and cooks very quickly. The other is for simmering where food can be kept hot indefinitely without fear of burning.

Then there are two hot plates, one of which is for fast boiling, frying, grilling, etc. The other is for simmering. The accommodation on the top of the boiler is really large and you can put three average-sized saucepans on each ring.

In fact, the cooker is a real gem and I don't blame Ethel at all for grousing until she got one. If you want further particulars please write to me marking your envelope "Boiler" and I will have an illustrated book sent you which will answer every query you like to think about.

★ A few minutes ago my telephone bell rang and I dashed across the room to answer it. I took the wastepaper basket with me hanging on to one of my stockings. I don't think I could have sounded very sweet-tempered to that telephone caller!

I was still cursing my luck—for the stockings were new and nice—when one of the girls in the office came in and commiserated with me. She also told me of some marvellous stockings she wears. These stockings come in a very wide range of colours; apart from the more usual shades of brown, new-beige, fawn, suntan, grey, gunmetal and black, they are made in the new American colours of charm beige, which is a shade perfect for the dressier type of frock and blends beautifully with the more "difficult" colours. Then there is praline beige, which is a neutral tone for general town or travel wear. It is ideal with all colours in tweed.

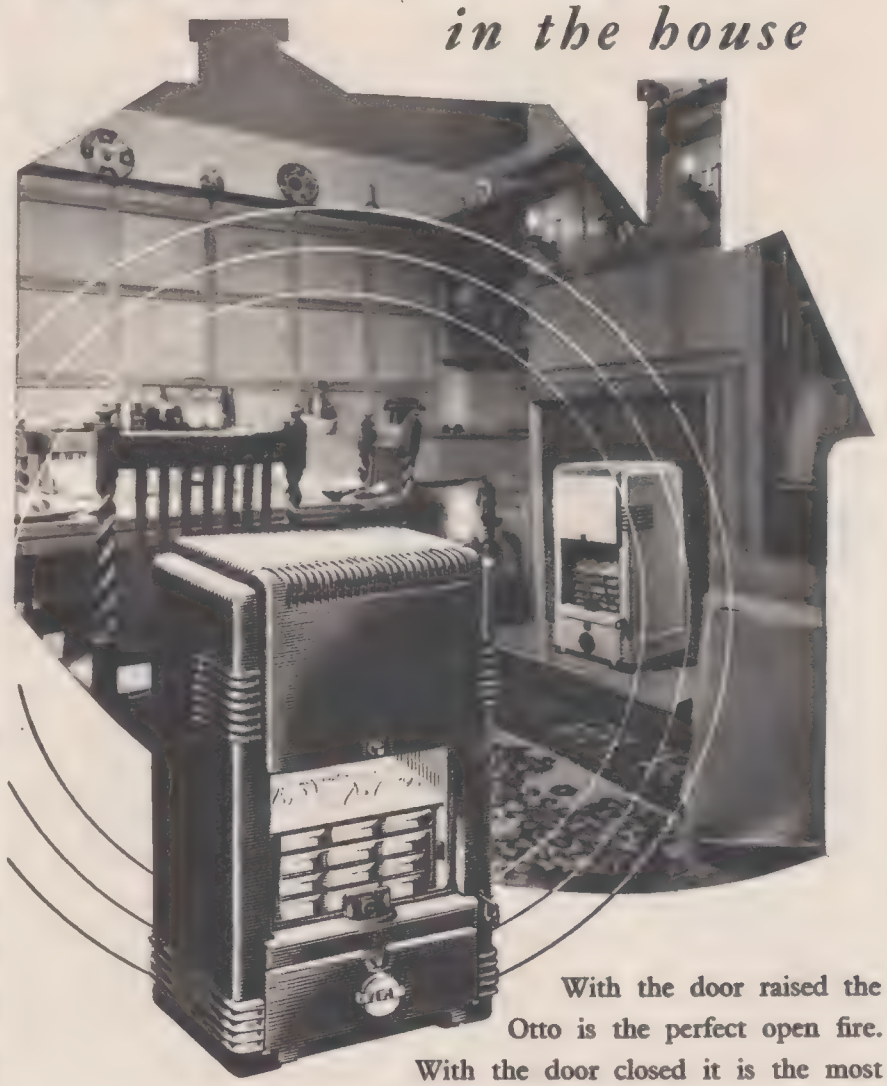
These pure silk stockings also come in a large range of sizes and last, but by no means least, they cost only 2s. a pair and are guaranteed for sixty days. I know this sounds almost too good to believe, but it really is true! If they ladder within the sixty days they will be replaced.

You can buy three pairs of these stockings for 5s. 9d., and if you want to know more about this bargain in hosiery, write to me, marking your envelope "Anti-Ladder" and I will tell you more; or, better still, if you want to take immediate advantage of this offer, send 2s. 1½d., and I will have a pair of these wonder stockings sent to you—be sure to state your size.

★ "There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress." Addison wrote this line in June 1711 and I was reminded of his words the other evening when I was at the theatre sitting behind a woman who had perched a *terrific* bird on top of her head so that I had to peep between its wings to catch a glimpse of the stage. In the same year Addison recommended women to give "their most serious consideration to the saying of an old Greek poet: 'Manners and not dress are the ornaments of women.'"

If you are interested in any of the things mentioned in these pages, please write to Virginia Hall, c/o "The Passing Show," 92 Long Acre, W.C.2, for she is very willing to help

Right for any room *in the house*



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ON PAGE 32

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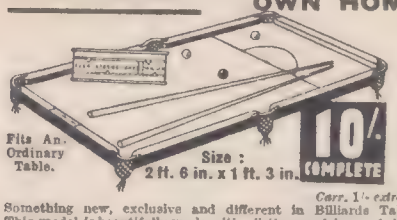

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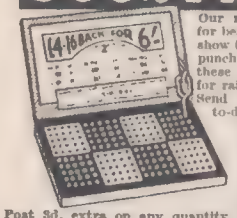

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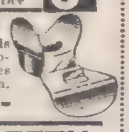

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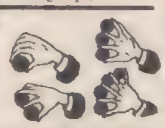

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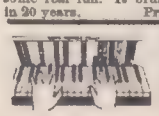

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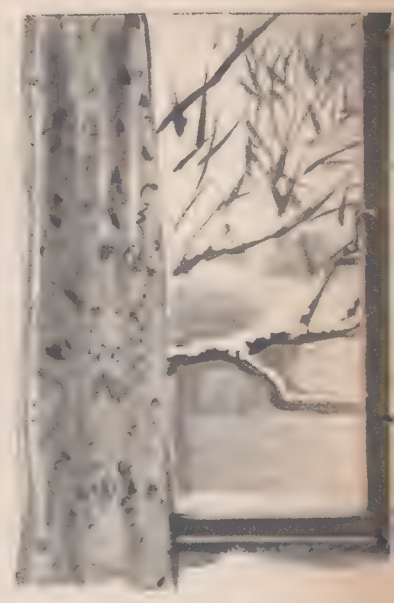

BY LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY B OOTHROYD

IN summer, few people came to Brock's Island, for there was no ferry and Jason Brock crossed the river only once a week in his motor-boat. But, come winter, and ice on the river and the ice-road bushed off with little spruce trees marking it every twenty feet or so, the odd drummer or peddler or seller of home remedies, moved as much by curiosity, no doubt, as by the hope of selling anything, would drive across the ice and up to the white, red-roofed cottage among the tall cedars on the shore.

Clara Brock didn't like them. Jason—well, you couldn't tell about Jason. He never said much, not even to Clara. He had met her when she came to work in George Bailey's general store at Renforth and she never quite knew how she had come to marry him or if he had ever, in so many words, even asked her to. But, one winter's night, under the bright, white stars and the moon that made the frozen river a vast carpet of dazzling white, scintillant with frost sequins, she found herself in Jason's horse sleigh, the straw warm about her feet, the buffalo snug around her knees and Jason's huge form breaking the bite of the wicked wind that still made her cheeks burn and glow and seemed to cut into her very soul and shear from it all the ragged ends of her past.

An hour before, they had been married by Parson Clyde at Torryburn. There was a simple band of gold on her finger—she was Mrs. Jason Brock, and Clara Milburn, who had gone from the slums of Halifax to the underworld of Boston, who had fallen among thieves and rogues, who had shot a man supposed to be her lover, who had got by on a plea of self-defence, was now a farmer's wife with the rest of life stretching, peaceful as a lost lagoon, before her.

Peace—how she had wanted peace! How, in the hell of her young life—a hell not of her making—she had longed for some such place as Brock's Island, away from the world, away from mankind, which she had come to hate and fear and distrust.

No one in this remote backwater of Eastern Canada ever for a moment associated Clara Milburn, the pretty, tired-looking, brown-haired girl who had come to clerk in Bailey's store, with the notorious woman the papers called Clara the Killer, who had been Mike Ritter's moll, who had stood up before the court and the world and said—what a laugh!—that she had shot him in defence of her honour, that she had never known he was a bank-robber and a murderer.

That was a laugh—no less a laugh because it was the simple truth. But Clara went free, anyway, and as soon as the sensation had died somewhat, she got away, as far away as she could. No one knew her here. No one would ever find out about her. The past was dead. The days, the months, the years, drifted by with a sweet sameness on Brock's Island. And she found herself in love with the silent man whom she had married for a home and for protection.

Children came to them, sturdy, quiet, wise-looking little boys, who had Clara's soft brown eyes and hair, Jason's big bones and steady, forceful seriousness. And, as Jason and she walked with God, the little ones toddled, too. Every night in that old house on Brock's Island, Jason took down the Bible from the shelf behind the big kitchen range and read from it, and the children, from earliest days, seemed, if not to understand the words, surely to appreciate the solemnity and great import of what was being read by the tall, gaunt, fearless-eyed man who spoke as from a mountain-top to the plains below.

In this godly house lived Clara Milburn, who as a girl in Boston had worn furs and silks and jewels—the trappings of sin; who had dwelt in the tents of wickedness and danced before the eyes of the lustful kings. Here she was a quiet, lovely woman, still young and girlish, singing at her work, baking bread and cakes, pickling, preserving, feeding the ducks and geese, knitting, mending, keeping her house as neat as a pin, tending the silent Jason and the young ones, cherishing them and thinking little of the heaven Jason read about, since no heaven could offer her more than this.

Once or twice a month Jason would take her to visit on the mainland. All the old families in the district were related by blood or marriage, and Jason Brock's wife was received at once in the homes of the Royces, the Listers, the Brocklebanks and Clydes, all sturdy, honest, god-fearing folk, even as Jason.

Often, as she sat among them, in their homes or in hers, she wondered with a terrible fear what they would do, what Jason would do, if ever they learned about her. Often, in those first years, she would awaken in the night from a horrible dream in which a great voice from the clouds thundered out over the island, over the river, over the farms along the shore: "This woman thou hast taken to thy bosom, Jason, is an adulteress, a murderess. She is a scarlet woman whom thou must cast from thy household and thy bosom as thou wouldst cast a viper."

Then the stars above the mighty river, the whispering wind in the cedars and the deep, steady breathing of the man by her side, and the little mewling, sucking noises of the child in his hand-made crib, would reassure her, would say: "You have peace and security here and love, and as you did no wrong, knowingly, but only through youth and ignorance, so God will not punish you nor drive you from these places, these things you love."

And she came to believe the assurance of the stars and the promise of the wind in the swaying cedars, rather than the awful voice of the dream. . . .

She liked summer best, for then the Kennebecasis was a vast moat, a mile wide, protecting Brock's Island and her from the dangers of the enemy. When the ice formed, when she looked from her bedroom window of a November morning and saw the glass-like sheet stretching firm and strong from shore to shore, she knew fear.

When Jason walked out on it, testing it every few yards with his axe, she would pray, "Not yet—let it not be strong enough yet, please God." And when it was strong enough she felt uneasy, robbed of a great defence, open to some nameless, formless dread. The world could get at her now, could ferret her out and destroy with a dark word all this brightness and peace.

The winter after Paul, the second boy, was born, the ice formed early, earlier than at any time within the memory of the most ancient man along the shore, two days sooner than the earliest date cut in the door-post of the Brock barn, a record of over a hundred years. Weeks before Christmas Jason had bushed off the ice-road, leading diagonally across the river from the cove before his door to the mainland at the village of Renforth.

A few days after Jason's first crossing a small coupé whizzed across the river and chugged up the road to Jason's door. Clara, making tea-biscuits on the big table by the kitchen window, saw the car go past, saw the thin, sharp, sardonic profile of the man at the wheel, and her hands stopped kneading the dough, and the white that came to her cheeks as the blood ebbed away was whiter than the flour she wiped slowly on her apron.

If only Jason were home—if only Jason were there to go to him and send him away—if only he might not see her. But Jason had gone to the wood-lot a half mile up the island. The little boys, Jason and Paul, were snugly asleep upstairs. There was no one to help her, no one to sustain her. Now all the buried fears rose up, more hideous, more terrifying than ever. Now in a moment all the built up security of the years, all the serene joy and quiet peace, showed that they were uncertain, nebulous, flimsy things, ready to be brought crashing down in a moment.

She thought, leaning against the table: perhaps if I don't answer the door he'll think there's no one here and go away. But the porch door, she knew, was unbolted, and now she heard it creak open and steps crossed the porch and there came a brisk knock on the thick panels of the kitchen door that seemed so far away, too far away for her to rush to it and turn the key.

After another knock, the knob turned and the door swung inwards, and there he stood, his fox-face at first apologetic, his smile ingratiating, his grey hat dangling from his hand. Then—she could not tear her gaze away from his face nor hide the terror in her eyes—the apologetic look faded, the ingratiating smile changed to a grin of incredulity, derision, wicked delight. He walked in and closed the door and flung his hat in the worn rocker where Jason sat of evenings. "Why, Clara!" he said. "Clara! Of all things! Of all people! To think of finding little butterfly Clara Milburn tucked away from the wicked world and leading the simple life on an island farm in the very tallest of the tall sticks! Who would ever think of finding you here!"

"No one—I hoped." Her tone was flat, lifeless, already hopeless. "I—I've been here over three years. I've been happy—happier than I ever hoped to be. I—I thought I might go on being happy——"

"You didn't expect to see Spider Hadley." The fox eyes, ever restless, ever searching, twinkled gleefully. "And certainly you'd never expect to see him as a book-agent. But that's what I am, Clara—a bringer of light into the wilderness, selling among other things a magnificent, real morocco-bound, hand-tooled set of 'Useful Things to Know.' Ha, ha! Now that's a laugh. I guess you don't need any set of books like that. Like

He walked boldly into the kitchen and before she could move, his arms were about her, his lips seeking hers

bringing beans to Boston, eh! But your husband might. I take it he's out?"

Clara said nothing. Spider Hadley took his hat off Jason's chair and sat down. He lit a cigarette, held out the package to Clara, and when she shook her head, he laughed. "Oh, I forgot. You belong to the Women's Aid now. I heard all about you on the mainland. Can't blame me if I didn't recognise Clara Milburn from the things they said. What's the gag, Clara? You can't expect me to believe that you like this." He waved the cigarette briefly. "The guy you married got any coin? Come to think of it, they did say he was pretty well fixed. When are you going to scram? Now's as good a time as any. And you'll have me for company. I always was a fool for you—those innocent brown eyes and that thick hair. You're prettier than ever. If you'd listened to me instead of that punk Ritter——"

"Don't!" She shook her head, as if there were a numbness creeping up from her body to her brain. This wasn't real. This couldn't be real. That wasn't Spider Hadley, Mike Ritter's lieutenant, sitting there in Jason's chair, grinning at her. She was ill. She was imagining things. The ugly mirage would go and it would be Jason sitting there, kind-eyed, silent, smiling his slow, rare smile.

But the image didn't go. The cigarette end glowed brighter as he smoked deeply there in the gathering greyness of the afternoon. "Oh!" His voice was like something out of those awful dreams that used to haunt her. "I forgot. They don't know about you here. Don't know anything. Little Clara has become an honest woman and the past is past."

"You—you won't say anything, Spider? You won't——" She ran the tip of her tongue round her lips. "I have two little boys now."

"Props, eh! All to make it more in character. Come off it, Clara. You can't expect me to swallow all this. You belong to the bright lights. You can go back now. It's all blown over long ago. I looked everywhere for you."

"I thought they got you for killing Soapy Lyman."

"Me!" Spider looked injured. "As if I'd kill Soapy! Why, he was my pal."

"You murdered him. Mike," she shivered at the name, "had the proof of it——"

"And you killed Mike."

"I didn't. I fought for the gun——"

"Yeah. I know. It all gets us nowhere. I didn't kill Soapy and you didn't kill Mike. So what? Nobody believes you didn't bump him; nobody knows about me—now."

He watched her, taking in every feature of her still young, still beautiful body. "Boy!" he said. "If you look like that in a gingham gown, what wouldn't you look like in red silk with a white ermine wrap and diamonds. Why, you'd knock 'em all to Nantucket. Can't you pry this farmer loose from some of his dough and let's get going?"

"I'm not going. I'm not ever going from here, Spider."

"No?" He shot his butt deftly into the front of the glowing stove. "You think they'll let you stay on here—when they know? Think they'll still let you sing in the choir and teach Sunday School. Maybe they'll let you tell the sewing circle just how it all happened. And

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what about this Bible-punching mug you married? What's he going to do when he finds out his kids' mother was——"

Clara's eyes were big with fear. Her hands were clasped tightly, the knuckles white and strained. Her breath came fast, but it seemed that her heart had ceased to beat. Spider Hadley's sneering, mocking face came close, close, and slowly receded.

"He—he must not know, Spider. I—I don't want him to know. I'd sooner be dead than——"

"You won't need to die, Clara. I like you too much to want that. I'm still nuts about you. Grab all the dough you can and we'll scram. I got a pretty good thing lined up in Boston. I'll look after you——"

They both heard the jangle of sleigh bells out by the barn, the creak of runners on the hard packed snow.

"Jason!" Clara's whisper was beseeching, pitiful.

"I'm staying to supper, Clara." Spider lit another cigarette. "I'll talk books to Jason—what a name!"

Clara had lighted the lamp when Jason came in. Spider Hadley was still sitting in the rocker. Jason showed no surprise at seeing him there. Clara said, "This is Mr. Hadley. He sells books."

"We don't need any books."

Spider Hadley grinned. "I suppose you got a book already?"

Jason's eyes strayed to the mantel. He nodded.

"The books I'm selling, Mr. Brock, a set of five, are called 'Useful Things to Know,' and, believe me, they're chock-full of information that a man like you will find of vast help to him in the problems he has to face."

Jason said nothing. He watched Clara setting the table, and if the extra place surprised him, he gave no sign. He clumped upstairs, and they heard the low rumble of his voice as he talked to the little ones. Presently he came down with the baby in his arms, young Jason perched on his shoulder.

"Nice kids," said Spider Hadley.

"Yes." Jason looked at him briefly. "Nice kids."

The meal was a quiet one, there in the warm, lamplit kitchen. Spider Hadley tried to keep up his usual chatter, but his smartest cracks seemed to fall flat. Jason hardly spoke. A fool, Spider thought—like a big, dumb ox. Too stupid to know what a woman he'd got, too dull to hold on to her. Spider watched her. She ate hardly anything. Jason ate prodigiously of the buckwheat pancakes and bacon and biscuits.

After supper, Spider brought in a set of books from the car and spread them in front of Jason. "I'll leave these with you, so's you can look 'em over. I'd like you to have a set."

Jason turned the leaves with interest. "I'd like to look them over. I don't know about buyin' them though."

"Well, I won't rush you. I'm going to be around for a while. I like it here." He leered at Clara, holding little Paul in her lap. She looked up from the child's blue gaze and met Spider Hadley's eyes, and she seemed to shrink, to cower away, to hold her baby closer.

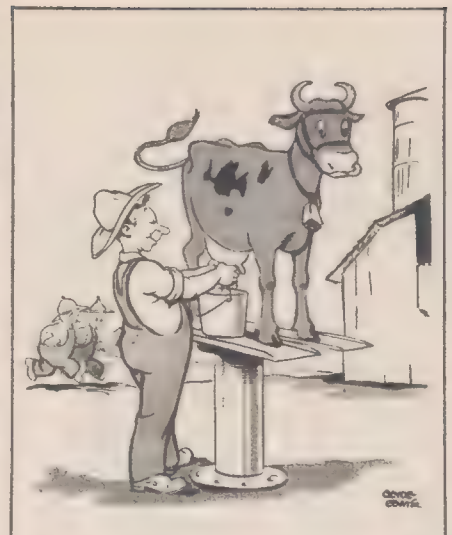
Spider grinned and winked over Jason's bent head. "Well, I'll be going now. See you all later. Say, the ice in the river—it's pretty thick, isn't it?"

"Thick enough," said Jason. "Good-night."

He came next morning. He walked boldly into the kitchen this time, and before she could move his arms were about her, his lips seeking hers. She fought him away, but he reached for her again and forced her head back and his kiss was hot on her throat, his fingers hurting the flesh of her arms.

"Better be nice, Clara," he whispered, "or else——"

They heard Jason kicking the snow from his boots on the porch step. Spider released her. She staggered away from him, went to the bedroom off the kitchen. Jason came in, said good-morning and not much else, and went upstairs. Spider stayed to dinner. Clara asked him. He made her ask him. Jason didn't seem to mind nor, in the days that followed, did he say anything about Spider Hadley's frequent visists. Once he said, "Nice book you got, mister. Some real good things in 'em—things worth knowing."



"He used to work in a filling station."

"You learn anything from 'em?" Spider's voice was openly sneering. He'd never seen such a dumb farmer as this. His opinion of Jason had grown less each day. Why, a guy like this didn't deserve to have a girl like Clara. She was wasting herself in this forgotten hole. "I say, did you learn anything from them?"

Jason nodded. "Yes—some things."

"Swell!" muttered Spider.

He waited that day till Jason got the team ready to go to town. He was bolder now. He said, "I'll stay and keep Clara company while you're gone."

Jason said nothing. Clara looked at him beseechingly. She wanted to cry out to him, to scream at him, "For God's sake, stay! Don't leave me here with him!" But Jason seemed to see nothing amiss. She watched him drive down to the shore and out on to the ice. It was after four o'clock and he would be back before dark—two hours and more.

Spider was watching her, grinning, his cigarette dangling from his thin, crooked lips. "Say! He's not *very* dumb, this husband of yours, Clara! My God, he lets me make love to you right in front of him. I know he saw me put my hand on your waist once there and he never batted an eye, and I guess he knew I kissed you that day. He just doesn't react. Seems to like the books of useful knowledge, though."

Clara turned from the window. "Why can't you go away, Spider—and let me—let me——" She covered her face with her hands.

"You're coming with me, Clara. I don't care about the farmer's dough, but you're coming. If you say no—well, I have some old newspaper clippings, and a word or two over at the general store and——" He snapped his fingers. "You'd be better off with me. I'll show you a good time. You'll think this was a nightmare after we get back to Boston. We'll go to-morrow, kid. You be ready to-morrow morning. You can tell Ezry there I'm taking you to town. He don't mind me."

"I won't go with you, Spider. Tell Jason, tell them all, if you're dirty enough, and I think you are, but I——"

"Come off it!" He jumped up and tried to take her in his arms. She pushed him away with all her strength and ran into the room off the kitchen and locked the door. It was a strong door. He couldn't open it or break it down. He rattled the knob and pleaded with her and threatened, but she held the pillow about her ears and never once gave him an answer.

She stayed there until, a little after nightfall, she saw the lantern on Jason's sleigh, a little point of light, far out on the ice. She opened the door then and came out, and without a word to Spider, who sprawled nonchalantly in Jason's chair she went about getting the supper.

Jason didn't take time to unload. He hurried into the house.

"Gettin' milder," he said. "Startin' to thaw a little."

"Swell!" said Spider. "I'm taking Clara to town to-morrow. She needs a little trip."

"Sure." Jason turned from hanging up his raincoat on the peg behind the kitchen door. "Do her good. You've been right good to us, Mr. Hadley. I think I'll buy a set of those books. I'll pay you for them 'fore you go."

"Pal," said Spider, and he almost laughed outright. "You can keep your money. The books are a present from me—to you. They'll be great company for you in the long winter nights. Keep you from getting lonesome. And think of all the things you'll learn! Why, it tells you everything in those books except how to keep your wife."

"Great books all right," said Jason. "Taught me a thing or two."

Spider hung around for a few hours after supper. He sat by the stove and watched Clara as she moved about the kitchen. Once, when she was forced to pass close to him, he touched her. Jason didn't seem to see. Jason's head nodded. When he woke up from his nap he listened for a while. "Quite a drip from the eave to-night. Goin' to rain."

"Well, I guess I'll get goin'." Spider stood up. "See you all to-morrow."

Clara did not answer him. Jason said, "Thanks for the books, Mr. Hadley. I sure do appreciate them."

"O.K., Jason." Spider clapped him on the shoulder. "You need 'em. Good-night."

Jason went to the door with him. "Pretty thick," Clara heard him say. "You keep your eye on them little spruces and don't get off the road."

It was Clara who saw the gaping hole in the river ice next morning. She always looked out from the bedroom window as soon as she got up. Jason was downstairs. She heard the clatter of the stove covers and the thud of big sticks going into the firebox. For moments she stood there, staring at that black gap in the whiteness of the river. Eighty feet of water there off the Minister's Face—eighty feet of black, icy water. She shuddered. She ran out of the room and downstairs in her bare feet.

Jason looked up from the stove. His own eyes reflected something of what he saw in hers. "Gosh, Clara!" he said. "You—you seen it too? He went through the ice last night. They'll never get the car till spring now, and him——"

She ran to Jason and clung to him. "Don't take on now, Clara." He patted her shoulder. He laid his rough cheek against her hair. "I—I guess it's my fault, in a way. But accidents will happen——"

"What—what do you mean, Jason?" Still clinging to him, she stared into his eyes, into his leather brown face that never showed emotion.

"Well——" He looked over her shoulder, but he held her warm and tight against him. "I read in those books he so kindly gave us about if you want to melt ice—I had a bad sheet of it out by the barn and got tired of cuttin' it away. So yesterday, when I was across I got a couple big sacks o' that calcium chloride from the lime plant. They was in the back o' the sled an' this mornin' when I looked I saw I lost them. Maybe I lost them out there on the river an' they broke open when they fell an' weakened the ice." Jason shook his head. "He was such a pleasant man, too, that Hadley."

Clara searched his eyes, made him look at her. He did look, steadily, and there was no reading what was in his eyes.

INTIMATE PROBLEMS

No reader of "The Passing Show" can afford to miss the opportunity offered to-day on pages 19 and 22.

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Turn now to pages 19 and 22 and complete and post the Reservation Forms to-day.

AT THE END OF THE ROPE

The returning prodigal thought it was good-bye to hope and hazard, until he reached the haven where he had always hoped to escape fortune's whims

BY JANE PEMBRIDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. DEWAR MILLS

He paused for a moment and looked down reverently at the watch in his hands

NO. The travel agency near the Paris Opera House could offer no possibility of employment. It was fully staffed. It had its own experienced couriers and there was no likelihood of any vacancy occurring.

The bearded man shrugged and turned towards the door.

From a table strewn with pamphlets a name caught his eye. Idly curious, he bent over the litter and read an advertisement.

Below an imposing presentation of fleets of lorries and acres of glass was set forth in bold lettering "G. Maitland and Son, Fruit and Vegetable Canners, Tancaster."

The bearded man knew Tancaster, but when he was there some seventeen years ago "G. Maitland" had been merely a market gardener obsessed with the virtues of Industry and Honesty, whereas the bearded man had disdained such pedestrian progress. He was all for leaps and bounds, so he had followed Fortune, that jade among the goddesses, and she had been capricious.

At first, when the smiling croupiers had raked in all his money, it had seemed that Fortune had no use for a youth of twenty-one, in his second year at Oxford, spending the January end of the winter vac. at Monte Carlo to perfect his French, but even as he left the casino, penniless and aghast at the prospect of confessing his folly to a rather puritanical parent who persisted in regarding him as a paragon, Fortune held out both hands. He encountered Harvey Biscoe who, beyond being himself a captain in the train of the goddess, had use for a nicely mannered, handsome boy as adjutant.

He had joined Biscoe in a search of adventure, and the nature of their enterprises was not such as his father would have condoned. Still, as Biscoe said, one may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, so why worry the patriarch with any of it? Just fade out!

By one way and another, often called by ugly names, they had lived at ease in all the gay cities of the Continent, battening on the vain and credulous, adept in all the arts of roguery, and for several years their luck held good.

Then Fortune looked aside.

The bearded man had emerged from four years in a French prison to learn that Biscoe was dead. His own nerve was unequal to the hazards of his trade. Malaria, contracted in gaol, had its claws firmly fixed in him and had put years on to his age. For a while he lived tenuously in tourist haunts on the chance of small commissions from guiding the curious to the shadier amusements of Nice and Paris, earning a franc here or a meal there for the custom he brought, a miserable jackal existence.

The bearded man folded the leaflet and put it in his pocket. There was something curiously deliberate in those actions. So might a man handle papers that gave him his discharge from bankruptcy or a new lease of life.

The old man must be sticking with money, he ruminated as he crossed the Place de l'Opera. "Maitland and Son." Good for Eustace! He'd have quite a packet coming to him. Eustace had been fifteen when he last saw him, a stodgy lad whose brains were not likely to lead him far beyond Industry and Honesty! Well, those plodding ideals seemed to have paid a better dividend than his own brilliant venturing.

"This," he told himself, cynically, "is where I arise and go to my father."

Investigation of his resources revealed a sum sufficient for the journey after he should have retrieved his watch from the Mont de Piete. A bit of luck that he had been able to help a well-oiled dago to his hotel last night!

The crossing had been abominable under third-class conditions, and the recurrence of his malaria had made him thoroughly wretched. He comforted himself during the train journey with thoughts of the fatted calf mingled with the memory of a tag of verse from Seneca painted on a villa at Cap Ferrat. Loosely translated it ran: "I have found a little harbour. Good-bye to hope and hazard. Too long have I been your plaything. Amuse yourselves now with the others."

Tancaster would provide the little harbour!

Little harbour! Heavens, how the place had grown! Belton's little cycle shop had blossomed into a white-walled filling station with pumps like turnip bogles. The "George" had been rebuilt. At the bend of the road where Maitland's modest sign had been was a red-brick tower. Opposite the "George," behind a circle of railings and backed by a trimly kept hedge, a bust stood on a column of white marble. That was new. He paused

(*please turn over*)

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Choose

Your Teeth!

Which of these will be a picture of your smile?

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Odol

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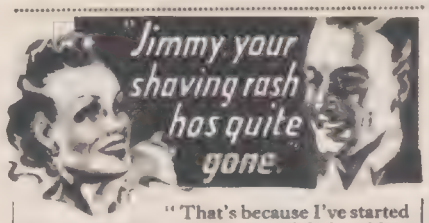

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to read the carved inscription and received a shock.

IN PROUD MEMORY OF
S. V. MAITLAND
WHO GAVE HIS LIFE FOR OTHERS

There followed a date, and set into a small recess behind a glass panel was a coil of rope presenting one end to the view.

Beneath the panel was inscribed, "The rope is cleanly cut."

He stood regarding it a long time, for it puzzled him. The date coincided with the time when, falling in with Biscoe, he had left Monte Carlo for Budapest.

The bust had been well done. The collar was open at the neck, the head poised masterfully, the eyes wide. A breeze seemed to sweep the eager wave of hair. It was Youth, aspiring, unstained, confident.

The bearded man nodded approval. Yes, he supposed he had been like that seventeen years ago!

So now he was dead, heroically dead it would seem. That was rather a facer! It put a different complexion on the "I will arise and go to my father" stunt. There might be roast veal for a bad hat who had seen the error of his ways, but for a dead hero who turns up as a scallywag, the banquet seemed less likely. Proud parent would get a nasty jar. He cast a hasty glance over his shoulder at the "George." Yes, he would go and have a snack in there and see if he could learn something of the manner of his own passing. Then, no doubt, he could frame his policy to fit the altered outlook.

He paused in the doorway to con the name on the lintel. "Joseph Greenwood, licensed to. . . ." Then Joe had succeeded his father. Passing in, he saw Joe in the bar: brisk, sergeant-majorly, with a spiked ginger moustache and a watch chain hung with swimming medals.

"*Mon Dieu*," he thought, "how they prosper, these dull fellows."

In the coffee room, a couple of men discussed their business with Maitlands as they fed.

"Nothing doing in my line," said one.

"Who did you see?" asked the other, "the old man or Eustace?"

"The old man."

"Ever try talking to him about the heroic Sammy, the son who was killed?"

"No, why?"

"That's the 'Open Sesame,' my boy. I've sold hundreds of tons of tin plate on it myself. The old man lost his eldest son in a mountaineering tragedy and he's never forgotten it. Underdone for me, Charlie, and a pint of stout."

The bearded man's eyes were on the bill of fare, focused on "Calves' head, 1/4," but seeing nothing. The shuttle of his thoughts was racing back and forth to achieve the needed design. Yet beyond its feverish activity, Samuel V. Maitland was oddly moved by the knowledge that here, at any rate, he was of good repute.

He ordered his meal gravely.

"Fillet steak, not too well done. Beans? Beans at this time of year?"

"This is the place that cans them, sir," explained Charlie proudly. "Best French beans in the world, Maitlands."

"Of course. I forgot. Beans, then. I'll see what cheese you've got later. Bring me a half-bottle of burgundy. If this Beaune on your list is sound, that will do."

"A stranger to Tancaster, maybe, sir?" asked the waiter, after a while.

Charlie had sized him up as a foreigner.

"It's a long time since I was here," said Sam, vaguely.

"You'll find great changes, sir," said Charlie. "Maitland's, for instance. The governor, here, went to school with the young Mr. Maitland who was killed, and now look at them!"

The stranger stroked his beard.

"That's the second time I've heard that fellow Sam spoken of. There's that monument outside. What's it all about?"

Charlie began to clear the table.

"A fine chap from all accounts, sir, Sam Maitland, old Mr. Maitland's eldest son. Regular sport and what-not, besides being the best pupil they ever had up at the Grammar School. He got a scholarship to Oxford, and he was doing fine, sir, and then he was killed climbing mountains in France during his holidays. Roped with two others he was and it seems he slipped and so he cut the rope that held him so that he shouldn't drag the others down. It was him alone or else all three, I reckon, but a thing like that takes a bit of doing. He was the apple of his father's eye, they say."

"So that's the story," said Samuel Maitland. "I wondered what the rope in the monument stood for." He paused a moment. "I suppose he had a great funeral?"

"No, sir," said Charlie. "The body was never recovered. It is reckoned that it got carried in the snow to a river and then out to sea. The rope was given by the two young men he was climbing with, to old Mr. Maitland."

"I see," said Samuel Maitland, absently, then, pulling himself together, he paid his bill.

He still sat at his table, smoking and thinking furiously. Yes, he remembered quite clearly that the last letter he had written home from Monte Carlo told his father that he planned spending a few days at Grenoble with the object of doing a little mountain climbing. After that he had not written at all. He had not gone to Grenoble and the only rope he had cut was the one that tied him to his family. Some stout lad had been robbed of the glory that was his right! There, at least, he, Sammy, was innocent.

He went out and made his way to the canning factory.

He passed the memorial to his own heroism with averted eyes. In the whole of his life nothing had ever made him feel so uneasy, so uncertain, as that youthful, gallant presentation of himself.

As he trod the familiar road and breathed his native air, his uncertainty increased. His wits were sharp and his tongue glib enough to dupe strangers with fairy tales. Would they fail him when he faced his own father? Geoffrey Maitland was a shrewd man.

He was at the main entrance of the factory. He asked to see Mr. Geoffrey Maitland. Mr. Maitland only saw visitors by appointment after lunch. Sammy asked for an envelope, placed his wrist watch in it and asked that it should be taken to the governor.

That got him through. It was his twenty-first birthday present from his father and was inscribed with his name and the date.

He was shown into his father's bare little office and told that Mr. Maitland would be there in a moment. The windows looked over acres of glass roofs and trim gardens to the red-brick canning factory. "I have found a little harbour," he told himself as his mind estimated the profits of such a prosperous trade.

The door opened. His father came into the office.

"How do you do, sir, how do you do?" he said, holding out his hand. "I went to find my son Eustace, in view of what you have brought us. He ought to hear what you have to tell. He will be here immediately. I take it you know that this watch belonged to my dead son?"

The old man's eyes, blue and clear, seemed to have a fire behind them, the eyes of a visionary. They surprised Sam. His father had always been a man aloof, unrelaxing in discipline, and Sam, whose brilliant brain had always achieved success in sport or study so easily, had grown up disdainful of that side of him, of his insistence on perseverance, honesty and other homespun virtues. The pulsing youth in him had chafed at his father's homilies. His virtues had seemed so drab.

"It came into my possession," he began haltingly.

Geoffrey leaned forward at his desk and raised a hand in protest.

"Please do not tell me yet," he said. "Eustace must hear anything that you can tell us. Let me talk to you about my son whose watch you have brought."

"I have heard of his accident," said Sam, hurriedly. He felt that he would scream if his father were to go over the story again.

"Yes, yes," said the old man, "but there are unknown facts which have never come to light. This watch may be the means of clearing up dark places. Our last news of my son was that he was going to Grenoble for some mountain climbing. Two days after the date of that letter a couple of French boys met a solitary young man on a mountain track. They were at a loose end. A companion had failed to join them and they would be deprived of a climb, difficult enough for three, impossible for two. The Englishman offered to fill the vacant place. He wore snow goggles and a close-fitting cap. They hardly saw his face." He paused for a moment and looked down reverently at the watch held in his hands. "When we were able to get in touch with them they could not be sure that the photographs we showed them were of him. They owed their lives to a man whose face they could not recall. His body was never recovered. His baggage was never found. That is easily understood. He probably put up at some wayside cottage, and when he did not return the peasants doubtless annexed his possessions."

"But suppose the third climber was not your son?" hazarded the bearded man.

"There can be no doubt," said his father. "That sacrifice was Sammy's way. He never knew what fear was. And we never heard of him after he went to Grenoble. It was a shattering blow to us. I steadied myself by vowing that my life should be a monument to him, that I would do all that his fearless leadership and great heart would have bidden him." He pointed through the windows. "Here is his effort. Twelve hundred men, eight hundred girls on the pay roll, fine folk, hard working, healthy, self-respecting, sane. They are our only shareholders. Profits matter little to me. My other son and I live as sparely as we did before Sam's monument began to grow and glow with his spirit. We work harder than we ever did, not as a matter of business but a point of honour, his honour."

The bearded man was shivering. It was all he could do to keep his teeth from chattering, and he threw the blame on malaria.

Eustace came in through the half-open door.

"This is my son," said the old man. "I'm afraid I do not know your name, sir?"

"Galbraith," said Sammy Maitland. "Unfortunately, I cannot throw any light on matters. I bought that watch in a curio shop at Marseilles and when I saw the same name on that monument to-day I felt you ought to have it." He glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. "I have a train to catch. You will excuse me?"

Eustace turned to the door. "Let me take you to the station, my car's outside."

Shoulders touching, the brothers drove to the train. It was but a short distance.

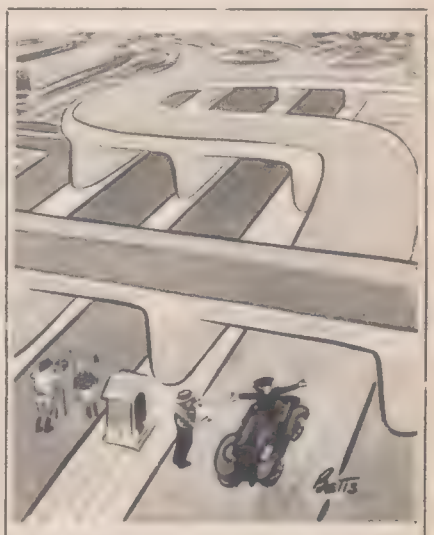
"*Sammy!*" said Eustace, as they stopped at the station entrance.

"Good God," returned Sam. "How did you know?"

"Your voice. I heard it before I saw you. Father was telling you all about the firm. It puzzled me. Why didn't you tell him?"

Sam Maitland opened the door. "I've been a rogue. Perhaps I'm a fool now. But that rope stunt is going to be something to my credit. I'm cutting it now, old lad."

The light was fading. There was a mist in Eustace's eyes so that he did not see Sam go.



"Something's wrong with this new traffic system, somewhere—whichever way you drive in, you always come out here!"

KNOCK-OUT AT MIDNIGHT

Continued from page 7

you out of bed, Mr. Pomeroy. But I'm in trouble. I wondered if you'd help me."

"What's the matter?"

Frankie described exactly what had happened. The voice at the other end lost all its sleepiness as it snapped out a few questions.

"I'll come round," said Pomeroy, eventually. "I'll be a little while because I'd better call in at the mortuary on my way. Are you speaking from your own room?"

"Yes."

"Then stay where are you until I come. And don't breathe a word of this to anyone."

"Very well," agreed Frankie, relieved. "Thank you ever so much."

It seemed a long time, though it was only half an hour by her watch, before Pomeroy knocked at her door. He had been hurrying and was rather out of breath. His pleasant features were grim.

"I've searched Fischer's clothes very thoroughly," he announced. "There's no sign of any diamond. Are you sure he had it on him?"

"I can only tell you what he said."

"Quite. You know, Miss Leyburn, I've an idea you've unearthed more than you think here. Can't be sure of it yet, of course, but—well, there was a robbery in New York just about a fortnight ago. Thieves broke into a private house, and got away with a lot of loose cash, together with a large and very perfect stone known as the Rossmore diamond. There wasn't a clue of any sort or description left behind, and the police over there are completely baffled. Naturally, they notified us in case the Rossmore diamond should turn up on this side. There may be nothing in it; but the facts, as we know them, seem to fit in, don't they? Your two American friends crossed over from New York at just about the right time. And this Amsterdam dealer—you don't know his name, do you?"

"No. Grayson didn't mention it."

"We can see about that later. If these two are the thieves, it looks very much as though Fischer was intending to double-cross his pal. Wise heard what he said to you, and took the opportunity of getting away with the stone. Sounds possible, doesn't it?"

"There must have been something to make him risk that jump."

"Yes. It's rather a pity you went to see him. He may have guessed that you'd made some sort of discovery. Do you think he did?"

"He certainly seemed rather strange in his manner," agreed Frankie, thoughtfully.

"He may be getting ready to clear out. We'd better tackle him at once." Pomeroy opened the door, then closed it again. "Oh, just a minute, Miss Leyburn. What about the blow that knocked Fischer out. Where did he take it?"

"Right on the chin."

"I noticed there was a tiny scratch on the left side of his face, just over the cheek bone. How do you suppose that was caused?"

"Perhaps when he fell."

"It hardly seems big enough. If he'd struck his face against the stonework, you'd expect quite a gash. There was only one blow?"

"Yes."

"Rather queer that.— Still, it's no use theorising. Will you take me along to Daniel Wise's suite?"

It seemed very strange to be walking through the sleeping hotel on such an errand. But Frankie's excitement had waned. Diamond thieves didn't interest her. Even if it turned out that Daniel Wise had stolen the Rossmore diamond, it wouldn't help Philip.

They had to wait quite a while before the door of the suite was opened to their knock. Wise started perceptibly at sight of Frankie and her companion.

"Well, what is it now?" he asked, sharply.

"I'd like a word with you, Mr. Wise," said Pomeroy. "May we come in?"

"If you must. I was just going to bed."

The man's manner was both irritable and nervous. As they accompanied him into the sitting-room, Frankie noticed that his eyes never left her face. There was still that strange, hard glitter in them; and now she recognised it for what it was—fear. He had not been deceived by the excuse she had made on her previous visit here. He knew that she had discovered something.

The sitting room was very untidy, with newspapers thrown about, and the inevitable peanut shells. Through the door of the bedroom adjoining, open drawers could be glimpsed, their contents scattered around.

"Making a move to-morrow?" asked Pomeroy.

"What's that got to do with you?" snarled Wise.

"I think perhaps I ought to tell you that I'm Detective Inspector Pomeroy from Scotland Yard, and——"

Wise's hand flashed to his pocket. Quick as the movement was, Pomeroy was ready for it. Before the gun could be withdrawn, he had leaped upon Wise, hurling him to the floor. There was a short, sharp struggle. Then handcuffs clicked.

"Get up," ordered the inspector curtly.

Wise obeyed shakily. Skilful hands ran over his clothing, removing first the gun, then, from a waistcoat pocket, a large stone which showed every colour of the rainbow as the light caught it.

"The Rossmore diamond," said Pomeroy. "Not a doubt about it."

"Okay, chief," muttered Wise. "I guess you know it all. No use fooling round any more. You've got me."

"You and Fischer were responsible for that burglary on Fifty-Third Street?"

"Yeah."

"You were going over to Amsterdam to dispose of this stone?"

"No use denying it, is there?"

"Not much. You were on that balcony when Fischer was knocked out. You saw your opportunity, grabbed the diamond and jumped for the next balcony."

"Why shouldn't I? He was trying to double-cross me. I heard him telling this dame so."

"You took a big risk when you jumped."

"We were both in good trim. Used to do a trapeze and knock-about act on the halls."

There was silence for a moment. Pomeroy regarded his captive curiously.

"Was Fischer dead when you robbed him?" he asked suddenly.

"Sure he was!" Wise's mouth twitched. "You know damned well that Trent guy——"

"I don't quite know why a strong man should be killed by such a blow. What about that scratch on his cheek?"

"What scratch?"

"Don't you know?" Pomeroy suddenly seized the other's hands and looked at them closely. "Yes, I thought so. The scratch made by this ring of yours when you caught his head in both hands and banged it on the concrete to ensure his silence."

New terror sprang into Wise's eyes.

"I didn't! You can't prove——"

"There's a tiny spot of blood on the ring. And that spot's going to hang you!"

Wise snatched his hands away, and made a dash for the door. Manacled as he was, he hadn't a chance against the inspector. After struggling furiously a moment, he broke down and dropped into a chair.

"He was going to double-cross me!" he sobbed. "The dirty rat! If I hadn't killed him . . ."

The words seemed to choke him. Pomeroy shifted the handcuffs, fastened his own wrist to the hand which wore the blood-stained ring.

"Come on," he said, dragging the man to his feet. He turned to Frankie. "I've you to thank for this, Miss Leyburn. If it hadn't been for the discovery you made, we'd never have recovered the Rossmore diamond." His pleasant features broke into a smile. "As soon as this laddie is safe behind bars, I'll see what can be done about getting Philip out. Like to come along?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Frankie, dark eyes dancing. "Please!"

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NEXT WEEK

RIGHT from the dim ages when patrons of the caravanserai of the Near East first had their ears charmed with the story of Jonah who, thanks to the efforts of a whale, could claim to have been well brought up, the sea and those who go down to it in ships have provided the material for innumerable stories.

From the days of Noah's Ark to those of H.M. Aircraft Carrier *Royal Ark*, some of the most notable characters in fiction have been seafaring men. And in the front rank of those heroes stumps the sturdy form of that braw son of Caledonia, Colin Glencannon, Chief Engineer of the S.S. *Inchcliffe Castle*.

A man of parts is Mr. Glencannon, and next week he returns to give of his best in *Mutiny on the Inchcliffe Castle*, which we can truthfully say is one of the most entertaining yarns that Guy Gilpatric, his creator, has ever produced.

Gilpatric was born not near Clydebank but in New York, and his early interest lay not on the sea but above it. As an airman, he received his pilot's license as early as 1912, and three months later proceeded to knock spots off the existing altitude record with a flight that was the tops for several years.

As a member of the American Expeditionary Force, he served for two years in France during the war, and when the actual fighting ended and the verbal scrapping started, returned to civil life and joining the staff of a famous advertising agency, proceeded to zoom from high job to higher. Then he bade his colleagues a fond farewell and hied him to the French Riviera where he settled down to serious writing with great success.

For long, his hobbies were fencing, pistol shooting and spearing fish, but now the last-named has almost completely ousted the other two in his favour.

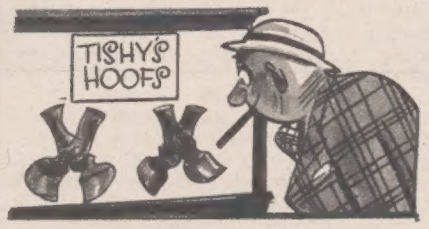
Also next week you will read the concluding instalment of Francis Foster's autobiography, "Separate Star." It will be of particular interest to PASSING SHOW readers, for in it he tells how he first met the man who was the original of that lovable character, Longshanks, the hero of so many of his short stories.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

IF it is true that your ears burn when people are talking about you, we imagine that those of Miss G. Bernhayes of South Yardley must resemble a torch-light procession. For the letter in which she roundly strafed the "sitting louts" who fail to offer their seats to strap-hanging females has called forth a howl of protest so loud and fierce that it makes the roaring of wounded lions sound like the cooing of doves in immemorial elms.

"Once bit, twice shy" is the theme of their protests which snowed us under to such an extent that it was only as we struggled to the surface for the third time that we realised we were no longer alone.

Having neatly side-stepped Allergic Alfred, Miss Psyche Sock, the Sprung Poetess—also known to the lads of the Fourth Estate as the Editor's Curse—had oozed into this office and was now draping her art-muslined form round one corner of our desk. Psyche not only wears sandals, untidy bobbed hair and pince-nez



on a moirê ribbon, but claims to be the only living poetess to have escaped with her life after describing Cupid as a "wee godikins."

For years she has been assuring us that her poetry is a gift, and for the same length of time this department has been insisting that we don't accept gifts from contributors. Picking up a couple of handfuls of assorted masculine vituperation, she read through it, sighed like a furnace and then producing a fountain pen, wrote with violet ink :—

O great, strong men, remember we
Weak girls think Chivalry is twee.
So, scorning snubs, up-raise thy chassis
To benefit some swaying lassie.
Then, if Dan Cupid plays his part,
You'll lose your seat—but win our heart!

And as that seems to be more or less that, we will pass hastily to the next item on the agenda, pausing only to mention that correspondence on the subject is now closed for all time. It is a letter from Mr. Alan Green of Port Talbot, Mon., that has caught our eye, and here it is :—

"Considering that we are renowned as a sports-loving nation, it is strange that we have no National Sports Museum," says Mr. Green—and not without reason. "Exhibitions," he reminds us, "have been held from time to time in London, but there is no permanent record of sport for foreigners or country cousins to visit.

"There would be no need for a pretentious establishment, so the cost would be negligible if it were spread among the various sporting organisations. Besides trophies, which could be acquired either permanently or on loan, there must be very many interesting relics and prints of the early days of various sports available for such a museum."

The idea is certainly an intriguing one, and the only snag we can visualise is deciding what limits to draw on the definition, "sport." While most of us would welcome the arrow with which William Tell so deftly split the apple on Junior's head, many would jib at having to gaze upon the tankard from which Uncle Joe blew the froth from his first pint of mild and bitter. And while we would be duly impressed by the haft used in the earliest knur-and-spelling bee contest, the sight of the original Crown and Anchor board could arouse nothing but bitter loathing in the hearts of those stalwarts of a bygone war who saw their francs scooped up by the "jolly old mudhook."

Anyhow, there is no reason why one and all should not join in the game of selecting objects for inclusion in a National Sports Museum, so if you feel so disposed, send us a list of the twenty most interesting and comprehensive exhibits for inclusion, with a few words as to the reasons—if any—for your choice. And the list that strikes us as being the best will be included in this feature.

Now lend ear to Mrs. E. Smethurst of Failsworth, Manchester, who writes sorrowfully to point out one of our sins of omission. "I have been reading the PASSING SHOW for about six years," she informs us, "and although you give us plenty of variety in the tales you print, I have never seen one about the best place on earth—Bed.

"Bed," she assures us, "is the place where we are glad to lay our aching bodies after a hard day's work and dream sweet dreams, plan new ventures and regain our strength. It is the best place of all, and yet no one seems to be able to describe its beauty and comfort."

Well, there are beds and beds, and although we are willing to agree that a well-made, well-sprung, well-fitting one is a joy for ever—even if not a thing of beauty—some of the beds we have been compelled to suffer must have come straight out of the torture chambers of the late, lamented Torquemada. What with considerable portions of the Rocky Mountains in the mattress, old boots in the pillow-case and blankets that left our ankles and feet bared to the night breezes, we have felt less inclined to honour it in deathless prose as to blast the infernal thing with a stick of dynamite.

However, the customer is always right, so we hied us to the wood-shed, there to seek the sage advise of Uncle Joe whose opinions are always listened to by him with such deep respect. Neatly corking up the second course of his midday dinner, he ran the back of one hand thoughtfully across his upper lip and gave the matter his undivided attention.

"I don't think it is necessary to write much," he said, when the wheezings had subsided. "After all, you can cover it completely with one sheet."

YOU'RE TELLING US! Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed on this page. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss

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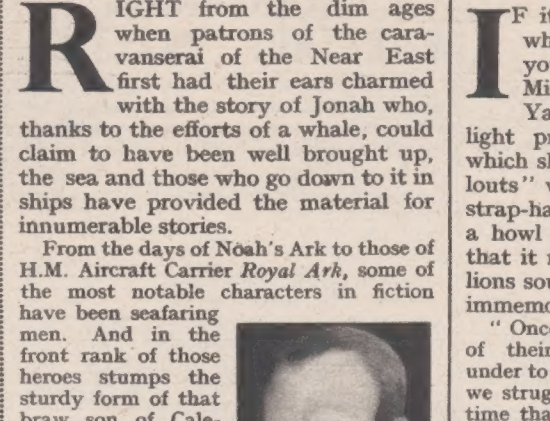

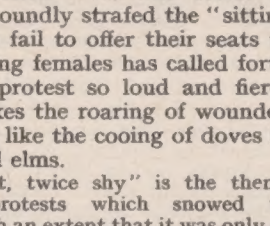

Solution to last week's puzzle

CLUES DOWN

1. Carriage.
2. Stop or restrict.
3. A mixed colour.
4. A struggle.
5. Sent forth.
6. Reels into unbecoming looks.
7. Get hence.
8. Maybe for a rainy day.
9. Declares.
10. Losing strength.
11. Tail of 8 across fits here.
12. Ten on its head.
14. A flower.
16. A sitting or period.
17. Restore to former condition.
20. You in old style.
22. Removes obstruction.
24. They make trials.
25. Piercing sound.
26. Had jealous feeling.
28. By way of.
29. Continental city.
30. Army chief in brief.
31. Poetic for all time or any time.
33. Unit of work.
34. Tavern in the town will fit.
35. Despatched.
38. Gained.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Gristle.
8. A chamber.
13. Stir to activity.
14. A slow and stately dance?
15. Metals possibly memorials.
17. A black bird.
18. Make certain.
19. No work without this.
21. Learning should be acquired in these.
23. Material for some puddings.
25. A horse.
27. Espy a Scottish river.
28. Prospect.
29. Strikes an attitude.
32. Examination with view to correction if necessary.
35. Cheats in a small bag.
36. Rein for an island.
37. Interrogator expects this.
39. Curtail and reverse 36 to fill this.
40. Representative.
41. Double 11 down and if I am in the middle you may have a cause of tears.
42. Animal noises.
43. Source of light.

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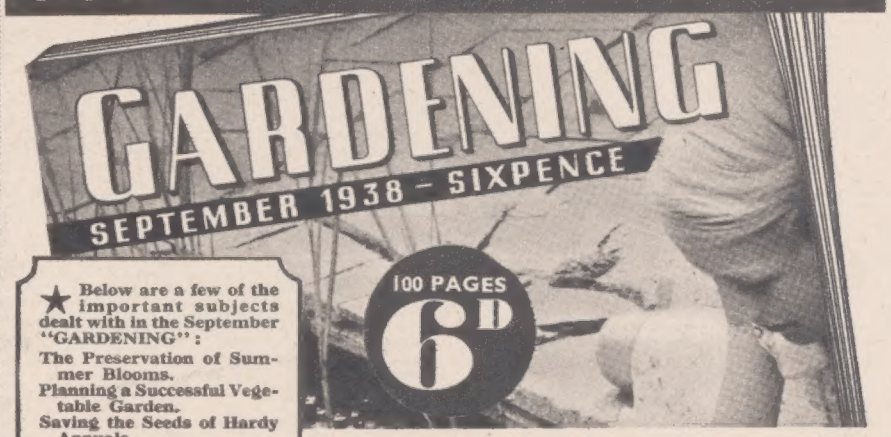

★ **Below are a few of the important subjects dealt with in the September "GARDENING" :**

- **The Preservation of Summer Blooms.**
- **Planning a Successful Vegetable Garden.**
- **Saving the Seeds of Hardy Annuals.**
- **Plants That Need Lime.**
- **Putting the Bulbs to Bed.**
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